

THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1823.

*MRS. WAYLETT.*

THE subject of our present memoir is the only daughter of Mr. Cooke, a highly respectable tradesman in the city of Bath, where she was born on the 7th of February, 1800. Very early in life, Miss Cooke exhibited talents far beyond her years, and soon discovered, by "many a wood-note wild," that she was in possession of one of the sweetest voices that ever delighted the human ear.

In consequence of such strong natural endowments, and at her own continual solicitation, her parents were induced to place her under the tuition of the celebrated Mr. Loder, under whose auspices she eventually appeared on the stage. Miss Cooke's first performance was at the Bath theatre, on Saturday, March 16th, 1816, in the character of Elvina, in "The Blind Boy," to which the Bath Herald thus alluded:—

"The debutante who appeared this evening, spoke with great judgment, and performed Elvina in such a manner as to warrant considerable expectation from her future exertions."

The following season, Miss Cooke became a regular member of the Bath company, making her second appearance in the character of Leonora, of which, as of the whole of her subsequent performances, the press and the public were equally laudatory. The principal features of Thespian talent which this lady has since exhibited on the stage, were in the character of Madge, in *Love in a Village*; the excellence

of which performance created an extraordinary sensation in the theatrical circles of Bath. The following, from a variety of other criticisms, deserves peculiar introduction in this place:

"We have rarely seen so excellent a Madge as Miss Cooke; she entered completely into the spirit of the part, without giving it undue breadth; the dialect which she introduced was in the most correct style."

*Bath Herald, Nov. 7th, 1818.*

In the year 1819, Miss Cooke became a member of the Coventry theatre. Here she was introduced to a gentleman of the company, to whom she was eventually married, and whose name she now bears. From Coventry, Mr. and Mrs. Waylett were invited to perform at the Birmingham theatre, where the lady commenced her career in her far-famed character of Madge, in July, 1819. Of this establishment, up to the present moment, she is one of the greatest favorites and brightest ornaments. Mrs. Waylett's success obtained, for both herself and husband, a very liberal offer from the proprietors of the Adelphi theatre, in the winter of 1820, who have ever since, during the season, had the prudence to retain her. Here her great talents and musical qualifications have obtained for her the unqualified approbation of the metropolis.

Mrs. Waylett's talents are chiefly prominent in chambermaids and melo-drama, in which line of acting she is a powerful rival to any actress on the British stage. A face handsome, full of expression, and capable of conveying very strong effect,—an excellent figure,—and a most engaging general appearance,—are uncommon gifts of nature; but to these, in this lady, is added a voice of the sweetest quality and full of compass, every tone of which is soft as "summer evening's latest sigh."—With such extraordinary qualifications it is no wonder that this interesting actress should have risen to a high rank in her profession; more particularly as with such public excellence the greatest private amiability is united.

## THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE;

A TALE.

By the Author of "Marian Melfort," "Confessions of a Benedict," &amp;c.

(Continued from page 197.)

## CHAP. VI.

LORD MONTAUBAN, anxious to evince his grateful sense of the service rendered to his family by young Fitzormond, took an early opportunity of visiting the cottage: he was accompanied by his son, who was equally desirous of returning his thanks, in a more collected and appropriate manner than it was in his power to do in the hurry and confusion of the moment, when his life had been so providentially preserved.

As they approached the rustic habitation, Lord Montauban expressed his admiration of the neatness and evident taste which the little plot of ground in front of it displayed. They entered by a small green gate into a neat flower-garden in excellent order; and, being perceived by the inmates of the cottage, Mr. Fitzormond hastened out to receive his noble and probably expected guests. Lord Montauban, laying aside all stateliness, extended his hand with friendly warmth, and his salutation was cordially, though respectfully, returned by Mr. Fitzormond; who immediately led his visitors into a small parlor, where sat a young and beautiful girl whom he introduced as his daughter. "Marian," he added smiling, "is a young housekeeper, and is not well versed in the etiquette of receiving such distinguished guests; but I trust your lordship will overlook her deficiencies, and condescend to partake of such refreshments as our humble store can furnish." Marian understood the hint, and instantly quitted the room; not with the awkward sheepishness of an uninformed rustic, but with the easy grace of a well-bred but unassuming female, whose native elegance required but the polish of society to give it the claim of superiority.—"I am agreeably surprised," said Lord Montauban, "in finding that there is a probability of my being able to evince my gratitude to a member of your family in a manner more congenial to my feelings, and better

s suited to your merits, Mr. Fitzormond, than by a mere pecuniary recompense." Mr. Fitzormond bowed, and looked as if he fully understood and appreciated the compliment. "The youth who calls himself Oscar Fitzormond, is your son, I presume?" "He is, my lord."—"My errand here at present," resumed the earl, "is, to beg that you will command my services in any way most conducive to your future interest or immediate convenience: in regard to the little matter in dispute between you and my steward, I wish you to feel yourself perfectly at ease; all *that* I have arranged, I trust to your satisfaction, and from this hour you must consider the cottage as your own; but be assured, that in making you this trifling present, I do not consider myself out of your debt."—"You are too good, my lord!" exclaimed Fitzormond with emotion; "this is indeed far beyond our expectation or deserts." "I think otherwise in respect to the latter assertion," said Lord Montauban politely, "but we will say no more about it at present; we are giving this young lady a great deal of trouble, and can only make her amends by partaking with pleasure of the delicacies she has spread before us—but where is Oscar?" While Fitzormond was informing Lord Montauban that Oscar was gone to the neighboring town to purchase their weekly stock of provisions, Albert was gazing with earnest attention at Marian, who, having completed her hospitable preparation, had seated herself at a distance from the table, and with modest quietness had resumed her work, stealing occasionally an anxious look at the window, as if in eager expectation of her brother's return. "Perhaps you will think me curious if I take the liberty of enquiring respecting your mode of life previous to your residence in this part of the world," said Lord Montauban, "though I may have it in my power to convince you that it is not mere curiosity which prompts the enquiry, and from what I have observed, I am inclined to think you have not always been thus secluded?" "There is no mystery attached to my little history, I assure you, my lord," replied Fitzormond, smiling; "I have, it is true, seen better days, and moved in a different sphere, but disappointed views and the loss of a wife to whom I was tenderly attached, made me desirous of avoiding scenes which I could only view with anguish and regret. I gathered together all that remained of my worldly possessions, and, with

my two children sought health and peace of mind in retirement. Perhaps I have done wrong in secluding them so entirely from the world, which might have opened to them better prospects, and it was my wish, within the last few years to have afforded them more unlimited means of improvement, but a severe and unexpected stroke has cut off my resources, and I must bow to imperious necessity.—At some future period, my lord," he added, glancing at Marian, "I will be more explicit." "Do so," said Lord Montauban rising, "for the present we have trespassed long enough on your hospitality, but with permission we will repeat our visit."

The return of Oscar now caused a repetition of grateful acknowledgements from Albert and the Earl, which the young man received with a look of modest exultation, and expressed himself in a manner so becoming, as to encrease the favorable opinion of both father and son.

"If it will not put you out of your way," said Lord Montauban, "we should be happy to see you at the Castle, where we can discuss at leisure our plans for the tuture."—Mr. Fitzormond expressed his high sense of the honor done him, and assured Lord Montauban that he would be proud to pay his respects at the Castle, whenever it should suit his lordship to admit him. They then parted, and during their walk home, Lord Montauban intimated to his son that, as he was soon to resume his studies at the University, he thought he could not do the young man a greater service than by sending him with him, to receive an education that would qualify him for whatever profession he might wish to pursue." "It is exactly what I would have proposed," said Albert with enthusiasm, "but I did not know whether your lordship would consider it necessary to extend your views for the family beyond immediate acknowledgement." "Why, perhaps, I should not have done so under other circumstances," returned Lord Montauban thoughtfully, "nor is it probably expected from me; but the family appear peculiarly situated, and I feel somehow interested in their concerns; but I shall be better able to determine when I have seen more of them; thus far they appear in a favorable point of view, and are evidently above the vulgar; not that I consider the obligation greater upon that account, but that it requires a different

mode of acknowledgment." "Do not you think Marian remarkably beautiful?" asked Albert with animation. "Strikingly so," was the reply, "but not remarkably. You, Albert, have seen few females so attractive, I grant; but when you mix more in the world, you will find many with superior advantages; neither do I think her altogether handsomer than your cousin;—however, her beauty is out of the question with me; and I trust, Albert, you have too good an understanding to suffer your senses to be dazzled by a pleasing exterior.—At your age, this caution may be necessary, though I hope it is premature." Lord Montauban spoke with so much seriousness, and looked so earnestly at his son, that Albert felt a glow of confusion on his cheek, but his pride came to his aid, and recovering himself, he said steadily, "I spoke but on the impulse of the moment, my lord, and can assure you, that I know too well what is due both to you and myself, to give you any cause for apprehension, even though Marian Fitzormond be as you have observed—something above the vulgar." "That is properly said," observed Lord Montauban, pressing his hand affectionately; "be ever thus candid, my boy, and I shall indeed have nothing to fear; but you must be guarded in your expressions before your mother, her imagination is apt to outrun her judgment upon some occasions, and perhaps the knowledge of our being anxious to serve this family so extensively, might induce her to believe that they had obtained some undue influence over us." In consequence of this intimation very little was said concerning the Fitzormonds when they returned to the Castle, and to all the enquiries made respecting them, Lord Montauban's answer was, "I have invited them here, so you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself."

On a day appointed by Lord Montauban, Mr. Fitzormond, accompanied by his son and daughter, arrived at the Castle; they were dressed with simple neatness, and made a very creditable appearance. Colonel and Lady Georgiana Macpherson were the only visitors, and their natural urbanity prompted them to behave with the most condescending kindness to the youthful guests, who at first felt a slight degree of embarrassment, which however gradually wore off, and left them the full power of pleasing by unassuming gentleness and innocent gaiety. Mr. Fitzormond evinced by his con-

versation that he had seen a good deal of life, and spent a large portion of his time in what is commonly considered the best company, while Oscar occasionally dropped expressions and gave utterance to sentiments which convinced his auditors, that he was more conversant with books than men. Marian, though not so well informed as her father and brother, appeared to have a good understanding, and possessed talents and taste which only required cultivation.—Upon Lord Montauban's expressing surprise at Mr. Fitzormond having selected a mode of living apparently so uncongenial with his taste and former habits, the latter replied, that he had been led to make choice of a rural life chiefly with a view to preserve the morals of his children pure, and to withdraw them from scenes of temptation before habit should have endeared them to their young and inexperienced minds.—“It was a misanthropic whim, nevertheless,” he added, smiling mournfully, “and I now see the futility of the attempt, for should death, as it most likely will, deprive them of my protection, they will be thrown on the world unguarded in every point.” “And why so, my dear father?” asked Oscar with animation, “you have taught me to be a tolerable farmer, and I hope you do not think me too indolent to pursue the occupation when there may be a greater necessity for it; though I do at present indulge my inclination for other pursuits, believe me, I shall ever be proud to labor for my Marian, should it be our lot to owe our support to my exertions.”—“It appears then,” said Colonel Macpherson, “that you would not voluntarily choose the occupation of a farmer; pray may I enquire to what other line your inclination would point?—the army, perhaps?” Oscar hesitated, his eyes sparkled, and he opened his lips to speak, but closed them again without giving utterance to his thoughts; on being again pressed by the Colonel, he replied, “Perhaps, had I but myself to consider, I might be ambitious enough to bend my thought that way, but I could not wish to engage in any pursuit that would compel me to leave my sister without a protector.”—Marian gave him a look of grateful tenderness, which was not unobserved by Adela, whose eyes beamed with admiration and sympathy. Lady Montauban, not feeling much interest in this discussion, rose to leave the apartment, and when she reached the drawing-room, threw

herself languidly on a sopha, and desired Isabel to let her have some music; and while her daughter and Miss Macpherson were engaged in looking out such pieces as they thought would amuse their young guest, the Countess entered into a sort of catechising conversation with her, which deprived her of the pleasure she anticipated in listening to them. "And pray, child, where did you live before your father took the farm on Lord Montauban's estate?" "At Brompton, madam, which I suppose you know is near London." "O yes, I know Brompton very well," and from some unknown cause the face of Lady Montauban assumed a scarlet hue. "What was your father then?"—"A gent—I mean," said Marian, hastily checking herself, "he did not follow any occupation that I know of; he had, I believe, a sufficiency to live upon." "How old were you when your mother died?" "She died in giving me birth, madam." "And how old are you?"—"Nearly fifteen." "And your brother?" "Two years older, madam." "Do you know the name of your mother's family?" "I think it was Marlow."—"Marlow!" repeated Lady Montauban in a shrill voice, "that is very extraordinary: do you know any of your mother's relations?" "I never knew but one, she was an elderly person, and was, I believe, my aunt; but I have not seen her since I was quite a child."—"Is she dead?" "I really do not know, my lady, but I will ask my father."—"Oh, it is of no consequence, I dare say it is not the person I once had a slight knowledge of." The coincidence, however, appeared to leave an unpleasant impression on the mind of Lady Montauban, for she appeared more than usually querulous and discomposed during the remainder of the evening; and Marian was so much hurt by the pointed ill-humor she betrayed, that it required all the soothing kindness of the other members of the family to keep her in countenance.—Mr. Fitzormond, meanwhile, was engaged in a serious discussion with Lord Montauban concerning the most eligible plan for the future establishment of Oscar; and, feeling highly gratified by the kind interest which the Earl and Colonel Macpherson appeared to take in his concerns, entered upon a confidential disclosure of his past life in the following words:—

(*To be continued.*)

## PRIZE ESSAY.

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"WHICH IS PREFERABLE, BEAUTY WITH LITTLE UNDERSTANDING,  
OR GREAT TALENTS WITH PERSONAL DEFORMITY?"

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AMONGST the qualifications with which nature has endowed mankind, there is, perhaps, none which so easily rivets the attention, and calls forth the warm and spontaneous feelings of admiration, as personal beauty. When we consider with what emotions of genuine delight we gaze upon the softened landscape, or pause to admire the sweet and varied productions of the garden, we cannot wonder that the same feeling should prompt us to rest with pleasure on the lovely features of animated beauty; for both are equally formed by the same Divine hand; and in praising them we do but extol Him from whom all things are. On entering a rich parterre our eyes are insensibly attracted towards those flowers which are most conspicuous in elegance and color; and, in choosing for ourselves a nosegay, we are apt, in our eagerness to cull the rarest and most brilliant exotics, to pass unnoticed for a time the lowly violet and the modest jessamine; yet, how frequently do we throw aside with disgust the nicely assorted bouquet, when we find that its quickly fading bloom can boast neither perfume nor sweetness? And may not this be equally applicable in respect to beauty, when not enriched with the solid graces of a cultivated understanding? The sparkling eye, the ruby lip, and the dimpled cheek, may not only charm the beholders, but even excite in the breasts of some the warmest passions of love; yet it is worthy our enquiry, can that love be lasting which is founded only on the fleeting perfections of a face or form? Sickness or age may rob the fancied idol of all its boasted fascinations; or, at best, the intercourse of social life, by familiarizing the lover with the charms he has so highly valued, may teach him to perceive their real insignificance when unaccompanied by mental endowments. Superior beauty is a very dangerous, because a most alluring, gift; and it too frequently occurs, that they who are conscious of possessing it, have the folly to imagine that *to them* the acquirements of sense and learning are needless; they

are apt to forget, that, as their personal superiority renders them more conspicuous than their associates, so ought their manners and conversation to accord with the sentiments they first inspire. It has been said, even by men of talent, that from the lips of a beautiful woman much folly may be excused; but unprejudiced reason would teach them that folly is at all times odious, but never more so than when it sullies the features of female beauty. *The lover*, who gazes with delight upon the woman whose beauty has enslaved his heart, may smile with complacency at her affected saties of wit, nay, may even fancy they become her, and that the disquisitions of science would but destroy the naivete of her charms; but *the husband*, whose pride is linked with his fondest affections, and who would have the world both see and admire his choice, would dread lest the flimsy veil which obscures her real defects should be drawn aside. He perpetually writhes under the tormenting idea that her ignorance will be discovered and himself held up to ridicule; and, if he has children, although his natural vanity may be gratified by seeing them inherit the graces of their mother, yet his paternal solicitude will be ever on the alert lest she should inculcate in their youthful minds those perverted principles which are ever the attendants of ignorance; in a word, he will find that if beauty with little understanding may amuse the lighter hours of relaxation, still without the additional charms of modesty and good sense, it is very incompetent to gild the calm pleasures of domestic life; and yet more so to lead the mind to repose, above terrestrial joys, on the pure and uncontaminated prospects of eternity. Of the other sex, who are distinguished by their personal privileges, it is surely needless to say much; what has been said of women may with equal strictness be applied to them; whilst it may be added that their more active station in life, together with their acknowledged superiority on most points, must render their imperfections more observable, and themselves, in that case, more ridiculous and contemptible.

We now turn to consider the case of those who possess great talents joined to personal deformity. Persons who from nature or some accidental circumstance unfortunately possess a contraction of form, &c. have frequently a double degree of pains bestowed upon their education; or it may be that a wise

Providence in depriving them of exterior advantages, has kindly made up the deficiency by endowing them with talents superior to the generality of mankind. In this case, extraordinary talents are almost more dangerous to their possessor than extraordinary beauty. Accustomed from childhood to see themselves lightly regarded when in the presence of their more fortunate playmates, and it is to be feared, sometimes treated with derision on account of their unhappy deformity, persons of this cast have generally quick though stifled feelings, which lead them to bury their mortifications in their own bosoms, where, brooding over the world's neglect, they not unfrequently acquire a hatred for that society which knows not how to appreciate their value. Being left as it were a prey to contempt, those talents, which might have reflected lustre on their possessor, are either suffered to lie dormant, or, exerted in the bitterness of a wounded heart, and with a rancour the galled spirit only can know, shed around them the keenest truths clothed in the vindictive language of satire. On the other hand it is suggested that when superior talents are employed in unison with true piety and humility of soul, the defects of face and person will insensibly be forgotten, in the admiration created by an amiable temper and a cultivated mind. Plain or deformed individuals have the advantage of being early taught that they possess no outward attractions to ensure attention, hence they more sedulously cultivate the inward graces of the mind; and if they meekly acquiesce in the decrees of Providence, and conscientiously fulfil the duties of their station, it is presumed, that they possess more of real happiness in themselves, and are far more likely to dispense it to others, than a beautiful but weak person. The gratification to be derived from the adulatory strains of an admiring circle, bear but a faint comparison to the inward satisfaction resulting from those mental resources which, whilst they supply a constant source of amusement in solitude, invigorate the mind against the hour of trial, anticipating, as it were, the advances of age, by laying in an early maturity of wisdom. The decline of life, to such persons, ever presents to those around them an instructive lesson of cheerful resignation, heightened by the consciousness that they have not wholly lived in vain; and when, at length, they sink into the grave, they go hence with the peaceful as-

surance that they have left behind an unsullied name, with perhaps a living monument erected in the hearts of their grateful associates; for certainly we owe a debt of gratitude to those who have devoted the labor of their lives to accomplish new and valuable discoveries. Posterity owes much to that class of persons to which we have been adverting. Some of our sweetest poetic effusions have flowed from the pen of one of these apparently insulated beings, and, be it remembered, that few indeed are blessed with those united perfections of outward grace and sublime genius which characterized our immortal Milton. We cannot close the subject without observing, that they who are gifted with a moderate share of both these qualities, are the best calculated to glide safely and comfortably down the stream of life, free from the intoxications of vanity, and undepressed by the perpetual consciousness of inferiority, and fear of contempt.

ELIZABETH.

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#### A CURIOUS JEWEL.

A YOUNG man of Nuremberg (says a journal of that city,) who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said, he did not exactly know, but he would enquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all. "No," replied he. "Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it?" (what an idea!) "Not for all the world!" "Tis well," replied the lawyer, "I have a reason for asking." The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, "I have enquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, 20,000 dollars." This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head, when he thought of the jewel.

## EXTRACT

OF A LETTER FROM A LADY IN BRUSSELS.

—As the Court are now residing here, (which they do alternately, every other year, with the Hague,) we have been far pleasanter and gayer than usual. The Queen's Balls are very showy and stately; but the Tuesday's parties of the Prince and Princess of Orange are more *recharché* and graceful. Both these royal personages are remarkably attentive to us English, and are besides infinitely agreeable in themselves. I cannot omit giving you some account of two costume balls we have had at court; the first given by the Prince of Orange on the 5th, the second by the King at the great theatre. About three weeks' notice was allowed us, during which period, you may be sure, the hammers of the armourers of old, on the eve of a battle, were never plied with more skill and industry than were our own fancies and our maids' needles, to prepare for these promised fêtes. All the English that were invited vied with each other in doing honor to their illustrious hosts, and in evincing their lively sense of the latter's peculiar favor to their nation. One party went in the characters of the romance of Ivanhoe, dressed to perfection:—the beautiful Rowena had her train, and the more beautiful Rebecca her's; an excellent Oramba conducted the whole: they afterwards formed a charming quadrille.—The court, and the greater part of the nobility, went in the habits of the time of Francis the First, personating most of the celebrated names of that day. Their dresses were magnificent to gorgeousness; and the variety of them highly amazing. I never saw so many jewels got together in my life; the young Princess of Orange was a perfect blaze: her dress was velvet of damask-rose color, with a remarkably long train, trimmed all round with the most beautiful ermine, and above that again a border six inches deep of pure diamonds; the diamonds in the middle of which were not less than half an inch square, and none less than a quarter; her necklace was a fringe of exquisitely fine diamonds, the effect of which

while playing about her white neck, in conformity with the careless movement of her head, was indescribably beautiful.—Her zone, her stomacher, her sleeves, her hair, were all covered in the same dazzling style. Her husband, and Prince Frederick, had their court costume studded also with brilliants, which one of her ladies tells us came from the Princess's diamondry (I must make a word.) One should think some genie or fairy, had given her a whole mine to herself; but we hear her brother is that genie, and sends her continually from St. Petersburgh presents, for which he must pay immensely. The princess may indeed be called the very Queen of Diamonds through his means; but they sit so well upon her, that we cannot wonder at his profuse affection. The room in which the ball was given did not fall short in splendor and decoration; it was lighted, not by hundreds, but thousands, of wax lights; for in addition to several superb lustres suspended from the ceiling, there was a sort of projecting cornice half the height of the room, on which these lights were placed, so that it was encircled as it were with an immense glory, blazing till it nearly blinded you.—Above a thousand persons were present, waiting the entry of the royal party, and the reception of the Queen and Princess Marianne, by the Prince and Princess. A flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Queen, &c.; the meeting and greeting of the two illustrious parties was very graceful; the Queen, &c. were then conducted to their royal seats, with two bands of excellent music, playing the national air. The Ivanhoe and court of Francis First, parties, marched in procession twice round the room, making due obeisance to their royal entertainers as they passed. The magnificence of the dresses and the majesty of the whole scene, was more than I can express; and my English partiality was gratified by seeing the compliment of precedence paid to the personifiers of the characters in Ivanhoe. Amongst the numerous fancy dresses, I was particularly pleased with a groupe from Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, with the pretty Anne, were represented to the life. Another inimitable character was the brother of our Bavarian minister, Mr. ——, dressed to represent Charles the First, in his riding suit.—The dress was so faithfully copied, and the in-

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teresting countenance and figure of the copyist are so like the pictures of our unfortunate Charles, that the Prince of Orange could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise and pleasure at sight of him. Spanish, Greek, and Turkish dresses, of course, there were in abundance; and many a gay quadrille of charmingly contrasted costumes delighted the eye, and set the thoughts wandering into distant regions.

The Queen's Ball was more crowded than this, and being given in the Grand Theatre, was more advantageous for display: indeed I doubt whether any spectacle, except our King's Coronation, could exceed it. Yet after all, I preferred the Orange party.

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#### LADIES SOLD BY AUCTION.

AN auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. "In every district," says the historian, "they assembled, on a certain day in every year, all the virgins of marriageable age." The most beautiful were first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. But, alas! it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these were also disposed of—so provident were the Babylonians. "When all the beautiful virgins," continues the historian, "were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other imperfection."—This custom prevailed about five hundred years before Christ.

## PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

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No. XII.

## S. T. COLERIDGE Esq.

*(Concluded from page 207.)*

IT is with much pleasure that we turn to the tragedy of "Remorse," certainly our author's finest performance. This tragedy, written in 1797, was not produced till 1813, and in his preface he has stated the reasons, which are not very honorable to the feelings of a certain individual. The first scene, which develops foregone circumstances, is tedious; the second, perhaps more so, for Mr. C. gives most of his characters orations, instead of speeches; but the entrance of *Alhadra* is marked with much spirit; she is by far the best drawn character in the piece, and contains not a little originality; she is a tigress in her rage, and as ardent in her love; her description of her own passive, and her husband's active, courage is excellently given; and perhaps this speech is as fine a touch of enduring affection as any modern dramatist can boast.—

VALDEZ.

Return with us and take refreshment.

ALHADRA.

*Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.*

Immediately afterwards, her nature comes over her heart, and she exclaims—

"These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!  
As I came on, his face so maddened me,  
That ever and anon I clutch'd my dagger,  
And half unsheathed it.  
And as he walk'd along the narrow path,  
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager:  
'Twas with hard toil; I made myself remember,  
That his familiars held my babes and husband.  
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,  
And hurled him down the rugged precipice,  
*Oh! it had been most sweet!*

Her description of her sufferings in the inquisition are energetically beautiful, and awfully sublime. The other characters are not so happily drawn; Isidore, for instance, is an unnatural character: he who could become a hired assassin under any circumstance, would certainly not hesitate to "play the Sorcerer," to get his patron wedded to the object of his wishes. Alvar is also *too* good; we lose the dignity of manhood in his extravagant forgiveness to a brother who has wronged him, and her *he* loved (a much greater injury) so deeply. Indeed Ordonio and Alvar are mere prototypes of Osmond and Reginald in "The Castle Spectre;" this is perhaps not the only hint Mr. C. had from Lewis.—Ordonio's self-expositions are by far too frequent, and unless we are to suppose Valdez superannuated and Teresa an idiot, we are at a loss to conceive how he escapes detection.—Some of his speeches, where he endeavours to reason away his crime, are well written—

#### ORDONIO.

Say, 'I had laid a body in the sun,'  
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse,  
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings,  
In place of that one man. Say, I had *kill'd* him!  
Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all  
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,  
As that one life, which being pushed aside  
Made room for these unnumber'd.

But his scenes are too much interlarded with abstruse reflections and metaphysical deductions, which ill accord with the state of his heart or mind; the consequence of which is, that a considerable portion of the drama is spoken aside,—a very great defect, especially in representation.

The cavern scene between Ordonio and Isidore, though partaking much of mystery, is admirably written, and our author has shewn his judgment in letting the chasm remain out of sight. Scenic display could not equal our conception, nor would the exhibition of Ordonio flinging Isidore down be more effective than the struggling that is heard without, and Ordonio's subsequent speech—

*I have hurl'd him down the chasm!*

Treason for treason.

We forbear much quotation from a work so well known, but Alhadra's description of her husband's death is too beautiful for omission.—

## ALHADRA.

This night I went forth from my house, and left  
 His children all asleep, and he was living;  
 And I returned and found them all asleep,  
 But he had perished—

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know  
 That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!  
 Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm  
 Revenge his murderer?

\* \* \* \* \*  
 This night your chieftain arm'd himself,  
 And hurried from me. But I followed him  
 At distance till I saw him enter—*there*—

## NAOMI.

The cavern?

## ALHAD.

Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.  
 After a while, I saw the son of Valdez  
 Rush by with flaming torch; he likewise entered.  
 There was another and a longer pause;  
 And once methought I heard the clash of swords!  
 And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared:  
*He flung his torch towards the morn in sport,*  
*And seem'd as he were mirthful!* I stood listening,  
 Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

## NAOMI.

Thou called'st him?

\* \* \* \* \*

## ALHAD.

No, no. I did not dare call Isidore,  
 Lest I should hear no answer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! Heav'n! I heard a groan, and followed it,  
 And yet another groan, which guided me  
 Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,  
 A hideous light; his torch lay on the ground;  
 Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink.  
 I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan  
 Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!  
 I stood in unimaginable trance  
 And agony, that canot be remembered,  
 Listening with horrid *hope* to hear a groan,  
 But I had heard his last, my husband's death-groan.

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The last act, the incidents of which are extremely unnatural, degenerates in dialogue; and nothing but the excellent acting of poor Rae could have made it successful at the theatre, though it will always excite admiration in the closet.

We have thus taken a view of this gentleman's works, from which we collect the author to be a man of singular ideas, considerable genius, much versatility, and great indolence. His curious choice of subjects, his manner of treating them, and his many different kinds of composition, prove the three first; and the circumstance of the greatest number of his pieces being fragments, proves the latter. We know not how to account for the want of connexion between one passage and another in a single page of his poems, but by supposing that they are written "by starts and fits," unless, like poor Wycherley, he forgets at his fifth line the subject of his first.

A curious anecdote is told of Mr. C., and as we have no doubt of the fact, we here give it insertion.—In his youth he is said to have left his friends and enlisted as a common soldier; that whilst quartered at some country town, a gentleman gave a lecture on some subject intimately connected with literature; Coleridge was present, and after the lecture, differed with many in opinion as to its merits, and undertook to deliver a better one the following evening on the same subject, which he actually did to the admiration of a numerous audience, who came prejudiced against the presumption of this oratorical son of Mars. A reconciliation with his friends soon afterwards took place, and Mr. C. set about attaining laurels by another science beside that of military tactics.—Mr. Coleridge has, within a year or two, delivered lectures on poetry, &c. in London.

We trust that this gentleman will yet give a finished production to the world; he has the requisites for forming a great poet, and it is only because he has not well employed them, that his works have not stamped him with that title. Let him avoid the puerilities of Messrs. Wordsworth and Co., and if he must imitate the older writers, select better models than Cowley, Crashaw, or Donne, and he cannot fail of handing his name down to posterity, if not as the brightest luminary, at least as an ornament and an honor to the age in which he lived.

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## THE CONSCRIPT,

A ROMANTIC NARRATIVE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

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VIRGINIA and Albert Chesquire were twins born at Delmoth, a department of the north district of Lille, of humble but honest parents. Their personal resemblance was so great that in infancy it was almost impossible to tell one from the other, and this likeness remained with very little alteration till they attained their eighteenth year. Virginia, who was as athletic in form and as robust in constitution as her brother, ever delighted to share in his sports and exercises; by which she acquired a degree of hardiness which enabled her to bear excessive fatigue or the vicissitudes of the seasons without inconvenience. It chanced one day, that as a French officer, belonging to a regiment quartered at Antwerp, was riding through the village where Virginia resided, his horse, suddenly stung by a wasp, began to rear and plunge with great violence. Virginia, perceiving his danger, promptly rushed forward, and, seizing him with a powerful grasp, held his head while the officer alighted. Such an act of courage and dexterity in so young a female excited his surprise, and inspired him with a desire to know more of her; which desire he found no difficulty in gratifying, and from that day he established himself on an intimate footing with the family, and in the usual strain of unmeaning gallantry poured such tender adulation into the ear of the inexperienced girl, as readily induced her to believe that his sincerity was equal to his ardour. Fortunately for Virginia, the dishonorable views of her military lover were frustrated by the removal of the regiment to which he belonged before those designs were fully revealed. About this same time her brother, whose name was enrolled among the conscript selected from that department, received orders to join without delay. This order filled Albert with grief and dismay; he was on the eve of marriage with a young and beautiful girl to whom he had been long attached, and this cruel mandate threatened the total overthrow of his happiness. Virginia, affectionate in disposition and romantic in generosity, could not behold his distress unmoved; her own hopes were blighted

by the desertion of her lover; her parents were no more; her beloved brother's welfare was her first consideration, and to secure that she thought no sacrifice could be too great. "It matters not what becomes of me," she exclaimed with energy; "I am as able to endure peril and hardship as my poor Albert, and if I perish, there will be no one to regret my loss: he loves, and is beloved; yes, Albert must remain, and I will take his place." This scheme, though wild and apparently impracticable, she worked herself up into a resolution of adopting, but her first difficulty was in obtaining the consent of Albert. She explained to him the real state of her mind and made the most solemn asseverations that his refusal would only drive her to more desperate measures. Annette, the betrothed of Albert, joined her tears and entreaties, and Virginia at length succeeded in overcoming his scruples. She then took an affectionate leave of both, bade them entertain no fears for her, as she had strength and courage sufficient to sustain her in the hour of danger; then assuming the dress of Albert, she repaired to Antwerp, presented herself at the dépôt; was received as Albert Chesquire, and was sent forward with some other youths to join the very regiment in which her faithless lover headed a company.

This arrangement filled her with joy, and animated her with fortitude to endure all the hardships and privations to which she must necessarily be exposed. The captain, recognizing her only as Albert Chesquire, addressed her with kindness, enquired for the pretty Virginia, and promised the shrinking youth his favor and protection.—Virginia, thus encouraged, suffered hope to creep into her fluttering heart, yet she resolved to guard her secret vigilantly, and endeavour by all the means in her power to obtain a thorough knowledge of the captain's real character and disposition; nor was this difficult, she soon learnt from her comrades that he was beloved by his men, respected by his superior officers; brave, humane, and generous; but versatile in his pursuits, and rather addicted to libertinism from having been brought into the army at a very early age.—This information Virginia obtained during their long march, of which she bore the fatigue with astonishing resolution, and during several weeks when the army lay encamped, conducted her-

self with so much circumspection that no suspicion of her sex was entertained. In the battle of Wagram she signalized herself by several acts of intrepidity, and eventually bore off a pair of colors from the enemy. The colonel, delighted with the valor of the young hero, promoted the supposed Albert to the rank of ensign, and preferred his friendship in terms highly flattering to the enthusiastic feelings of the romantic Virginia, whose military ardor was restrained by no consideration of sex.

At the battle of the 2nd of May near Lisbon, where the Duke of Abrantes commanded, her lover was unexpectedly surprised at the head of his detachment and surrounded by the enemy. The greater number of his party made a precipitate retreat, when Virginia, learning his perilous situation, demanded of the colonel six men on whom she might depend, and with these she hastened to his succour.—Love animated her exertion; she cut her way through the opposing party with desperation, and notwithstanding a gunshot wound which she received in her shoulder, succeeded in rescuing him.—On returning to the camp and finding her wound required immediate examination, all hopes of concealing her sex any longer failed her; she entreated to see the colonel's lady, when falling at her feet she revealed her secret, acknowledging the double motive of her adopting such an extraordinary measure, and implored her protection and kind offices in her present unfortunate situation. Madame D—, struck with astonishment, knew not whether to pity or condemn so young and devoted a creature; she promised however to screen her as much as possible from the unpleasantness which might otherwise attend the disclosure of her sex, by taking her under her own immediate protection, until she should be sufficiently recovered from the effects of her wound to be sent home; or until any other plan could be devised for her security and comfort.

The Colonel, however, was no sooner informed of the particulars than he resolved to exert all his influence with the captain, and, if possible, to prevail on him to do her justice. He accordingly took an early opportunity of summoning him to a conference, which he opened by enquiring in what way he intended to evince his gratitude to the youth Albert, for the signal service he had rendered him. To this

the captain replied by warm expressions of gratitude; protested his willingness to do all that lay in his power to serve Albert, and lamented his want of ability to do more than recommend him to the notice of his superiors who had the power to further his advancement.—To this the colonel listened attentively, and suffered him to proceed without interruption; at length he said, "I believe you to be sincere in all you have advanced, Captain L—, but suppose I could point out another way in which you might be serviceable to this enterprising youth, who I believe has sensibilities and feelings of which you may not be aware?"—"If you can point out any way in which I could effectually serve him," replied Captain L—, "I should be truly happy to evince how much I consider myself his debtor."—"Did you not know his sister Virginia?" enquired the colonel, fixing his keen scrutinizing eyes on his face: the captain coloured—"Know her? Oh, yes! I had a bit of flirtation with her once; she was a dev'lish fine girl!"—"And did you not" asked the colonel gravely, "do all in your power to make her believe you loved her?" "Why," replied the Captain hesitatingly, "the girl was young and inexperienced, and might perhaps attach more meaning to my professions than I intended."—"But not more than you wished to answer your purpose at the time, probably, captain?" "Exactly so," returned the captain with a laugh. The colonel gravely resumed—"I know how far young gentlemen in the army extend the military licence, but I am inclined to think, Captain L—, that in this instance you rather went beyond bounds; however, suppose I should tell you that this youth requires you to discharge your obligation to him by making good your promise to his sister." Captain L— appeared thunderstruck. "Impossible!" cried he at length, "Virginia is, I acknowledge, amiable, virtuous, and in intellectual endowments far superior to the generality of girls in her sphere; but she is of humble parentage, obscure, and portionless;—even if my inclination pointed that way, prudence would forbid it." "Put prudence out of the question," said the colonel, "and set honor and gratitude in its place, would it make any alteration in your sentiments, were I to assure you that Virginia Chesquire *is not portionless*, and that her love for you has been sufficiently powerful to induce her to hazard every personal in-

convenience, nay, even life itself, to serve you?" "What do you mean, Colonel?" cried the Captain, "you are bantering me?" "No, on my honor!" exclaimed the Colonel with earnestness, "Virginia Chesquire, in the garb of her brother, the young conscript, has followed you to the camp, has preserved your liberty, and in all probability your life.—For your sake she has encountered perils which not one woman in a thousand could have faced, and at your hands she has a right to claim the only recompence that her fond and faithful heart can be satisfied with. It is now in your power, Captain L— to save her from shame and disgrace; let no prudential motives have any weight against her interest, for her portion shall be my care." Captain L—, was so much overcome with astonishment that for several minutes he knew not what reply to make, at length he begged of the Colonel as a friend, to advise him how to act. "I have given you my advice," replied the Colonel, "and given it in earnest. I know there will be an awkwardness in the business, but that will soon be got over. Under the protection of Madame D— Virginia will be safe from any insult or reproach. A very short time will serve to hush up the whole affair; I can easily effect your exchange into another regiment, and the story will soon die away."

Captain L— convinced by these arguments, and secretly gratified by the heroic attachment of Virginia, hastened to make her mind easy by a disclosure of his intentions, and their union soon after crowned the wishes of all parties.—The general enthusiasm in favor of Virginia was so great, that she was styled the heroine of the Netherlands, and her warm affectionate heart displayed itself upon every occasion in acts of kindness and liberality, which effectually silenced the voice of calumny, and secured to her the esteem of her superiors, the love of her equals, and the gratitude of her inferiors.

When peace revisited her native country, she gladly returned to Delmoth, and had the happiness of finding her brother surrounded by a blooming family, enjoying every domestic bliss. To gratify her, Captain L— purchased an estate in the neighborhood, where they resided for many years, and where their many virtues and engaging qualities endeared them to all with whom they were connected by ties of affinity or friendship.

## SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

No. VIII.

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*" Ingentes animos angusto in corpore versant."**Virgil. Georg.**" Undaunted courage marks the insect race,  
Vast souls confined within a narrow space."*

If what may be termed the civil and political history of the ant be curious and deserving of attention, the military affairs of their little republics are still more remarkable and worthy of investigation.—From the narrative of M. Huber, it appears, that the contests between different communities of ants are carried on in a very systematic manner. In a campaign which he witnessed, the rival states, which were of the same species, (*the fallow ant*), and apparently possessed of nearly the same extent of population, were situated at the distance of one hundred paces from each other. An immense crowd of warriors, covering a space of two feet in breadth, was seen advancing from each ant-hill till they encountered each other about mid-way. In the beginning of the battle, thousands, taking their station in the higher grounds, engaged in single combat, seizing each other with their mandibles. By degrees the combat became more furious and confused. Numbers fell dead upon the field of battle; and a great many were made prisoners and dragged away by their captors. The fight usually began between two ants, who seized each other with the mandibles, raised themselves on their hind legs, and cast their venom on the adversary. Sometimes the combatants struggling together fell and rolled in the dust; again raising himself, each attempted to drag his antagonist. When the contending warriors were equally matched, a third would join in the combat, and thus decide it in favor of his comrade. But sometimes several on both sides came forwards to aid the contending parties, and thus made a battle royal. On the approach of night both parties retreated to their respective habitations. A penetrating odour was exhaled from the field of battle; and the slain

were covered with venom. This engagement did not finish the campaign. Before dawn the next day the hostile armies again appeared, and a contest more furious than the preceding took place. Neither side seemed to have been completely successful, for a shower of rain, which proved the commencement of a wet season, put an end to the war.

Huber observes, it is somewhat extraordinary that these creatures, of the same species, with no apparent difference of color, shape, or odour, should be able amidst the battle's rage to distinguish friends from foes. Sometimes, however, an ant attacked a companion, but, instantly recognizing him, he let him go; and, as if to apologize for his mistake, caressed him with his antennæ, or feelers. Another curious circumstance was that, during the continuance of hostilities, the common operations of both communities were uninterruptedly carried on. The roads leading to a distance were thronged as in the time of profound peace; and except on the side where the battle raged, the most complete order and tranquillity prevailed.

M. Huber gives an account of an invasion of a society of the sanguine ants by a party of the herculean ants; who must be comparative cowards, for they are as big again as their opponents, notwithstanding which they endeavour to attack them by surprise. The sanguine ants, however, displayed a great deal of bravery, boldly meeting their gigantic invaders in battle array, and sometimes repulsing their assaults.—The method of conducting the wars between the sanguine and the fallow ants approaches to the military tactics of beings of a higher order. When the former are attacked by the latter, they form themselves into small troops, and await at a little distance from the nest the arrival of the enemy; and when he appears they advance in a body and seize all who venture too far from the camp. In these affairs of skirmishes, the parties place themselves in ambuscade, and alternately make a sudden attack on each other; and it has been observed, that when the sanguine ants perceived themselves likely to be overpowered by superior force, a communication was made to the ant-hill, and a large body immediately detached to their assistance.

Among the fallow ants M. Huber occasionally observed a kind of martial exercises, or discipline, preparatory to actual

warfare, which he thus describes:—On a fine day, when the sun shone, a multitude appeared on the surface of an ant-hill, moving so rapidly as to resemble a liquid boiling over a fire. On close examination it was seen that each ant with a quick motion of its antennæ approached its fellows, and gently struck them on the side of the head with his fore feet. They were then observed to raise themselves on their hind legs, in pairs, and struggling together to seize each other by a leg or some other part of the body, and then letting go their hold immediately to renew the attack.

But in all this no violent animosity appeared, no poison was ejected, and none quitted the combat wounded or hurt. These exercises in fact seemed to form a kind of training, to fit the young recruits for the more serious business of actual warfare.

But of all the facts brought forward by this ingenious naturalist relative to the habits of ants, the most curious and interesting is the account of a sort of kidnapping parties, formed by the rufescent ant, *formica rufescens* of Latreille, for the purpose of attacking and robbing the ash-colored ant, *formica fusca* of Linnæus, a weaker species. The precise object of these predatory expeditions will appear from the following narrative.—In the neighborhood of Geneva, M. Huber observed on the road a body of rufescent ants advancing with considerable rapidity. Leaving the road, they passed through a hedge into a field, and continuing their progress for about twenty feet from the hedge, they reached a nest of ash-colored ants, some of whose inhabitants were stationed at the entrance as centinels. These rushed on the foremost of the invaders, and giving the alarm to their comrades, numbers from the interior thronged forth to their assistance. But the main body of the assailants, having reached the ant-hill, fiercely attacked its defenders, and after a severe conflict compelled them to retreat to their citadel. The rufescent ants then taking possession of the avenues, guarded them, whilst their companions made a breach in the fortress. This was no sooner effected than they entered, and after a stay of three or four minutes returned to the surface with the plunder which had been the object of their expedition. This was the young of their antagonists: each of the rufescent ants bearing away a *larva*

or *pupa* of the ash-coloured ant in its mouth, with which it made a hasty retreat, by the same road by which the army had approached to the attack.—This unexpected occurrence led M. Huber to seek for the nest of the invading ants, which he discovered, and witnessed the departure of a detachment on a plundering expedition. While he was waiting their return, the discovery of a new and curious circumstance rewarded his patient attention to the economy of these insects. To his no small surprise he noticed on the surface of the ant-hill a number of ants of the ash-coloured species, and on opening the retreat a great many more were seen. When the plunderers returned with their prey the ash-colored ants received them as friends, caressed them with their antennæ, offered them food, and taking up their burdens conveyed them to the inner part of the nest. It appeared on farther examination that these ash-colored ants were the slaves of the warlike freebooters, for whom they performed all domestic services, while their masters followed the trade of plunder. Huber somewhat incorrectly terms the rufescents ants, Amazons, and the ash-colored species, Negroes. He ascertained that the former carry on a continued and generally successful warfare against the latter, with a view to rob them of their immature brood, in order to furnish themselves with a regular supply of menial attendants. They never carry off any of the perfect ants, their sole purpose being to despoil their foes of their young progeny.—A more particular examination of one of the mixed ant-hills shewed that they consisted of Amazons or rufescents ants of the three usual descriptions, males, females, and neutrals; and of neutrals, or laborers only, of the ash-colored or Negro species.

This history is so extraordinary that one would be almost led to suspect the observer had suffered himself to be deceived, or that his enthusiastic attachment to a favorite object of research, had given to his narrative a tinge of romance incompatible with truth and correctness of description. Such a suspicion however would do injustice to M. Huber, whose curious discoveries receive ample confirmation from other naturalists of eminence. In the *Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle*, M. Latreille, under the Article *Polyergues* observes—“ Not only is Huber incapable of deceiving us, or of suffering himself to be misled by equivo-

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cal phenomena, but he has also been anxious to verify his observations by the investigations of other men of science, among whom may be mentioned M. Jurine. Having myself discovered in the environs of Paris many collections of these insects I ascertained the correctness of all the facts stated by M. Huber; and being anxious to remove the possibility of error I invited several naturalists to join in my researches. MM. Bosc, Mongès, and the late M. Olivier, attended for that purpose, and verified my observations. I also reckon as an additional witness of importance, Mr. Kirby, one of the most celebrated naturalists in Europe, who on a visit to me had the pleasure to witness one of the martial expeditions of the Amazon ants."

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#### ANECDOCE OF LAVALETTE.

WHEN Lavalette had been liberated from prison by his wife, and was flying with Sir Robert Wilson to the frontier, the postmaster examined his countenance, and recognized him through his disguise. A postillion was instantly sent off at full speed. Many times Lavalette urged his demand for horses. The postmaster had quitted the house, and given orders that none should be supplied. The travellers thought themselves discovered, and saw no means of escape in a country with which they were unacquainted. They resolved upon defending themselves, and selling their lives dearly. The postmaster, at length, returned unattended, and then addressing himself to Monsieur de Lavalette, he said, " You have the appearance of a man of honor; you are going to Brussels, where you will see M. de Lavalette, deliver him these two hundred Louis d'ores, which I owe him, and of which he is no doubt in want;" and without waiting for an answer, he threw the money in the carriage, and withdrew, saying, " you will be drawn by my best horses—a postillion is gone on to provide relays for the continuance of your journey."

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### THE PATIENT.

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HAVING occasion some years ago to call upon a man of medical eminence, I was shewn into a room where several patients were sitting, to wait like them with *patience* till he should be disengaged. There were, when I entered, about half a dozen persons in the room, most of them occupied with a book; I, who usually have enough of books at home, chose rather to peruse the pages of human nature, that were thus silently presented to me; and as I had very little hopes of thawing the ice of English reserve, I contented myself with silent speculations, and forebore to draw any body out even with that infallible specific—observations on the state of the weather. At the further window stood two ladies engaged in criticising some unfortunate author, as I could readily guess, by the frequent pointing of the finger, and the significant shake of the head. The one, over whose countenance I commanded a partial view, was, to use the expression of all novelists for the last century, “declining in the vale of years,” but had not therefore lost all traces of former beauty. Her companion, whose back was obstinately presented to me, I instantly conjectured to be her daughter; for the figure was tall and slight, with a valetudinarian bend, which confirmed my opinion of her being the patient. I now sought to catch a glimpse of a face which imagination presented to me as full of languid sweetness; and, if the delicacy of her health robbed it of the more vivid hues of beauty, I felt that that they were easily sacrificed for the gentle softness, and tenderness attendant upon indisposition; my diligence was at length rewarded by a propitious turn in my favor, and from beneath a bonnet which gave her head the appearance of a spoonbill, there looked on me a face ——— that I never wish to see again! Cruelly disappointed, I determined that my eye should not any more trespass on *that* quarter, and it immediately wandered to two young ladies seated at the further window of the room, (the middle one being left vacant I suppose for the benefit of occasional peepers,) they had each of them a book: one was a pretty neat little girl, the other as stumpy as a

thickset person and short petticoats could make her. So still and motionless were they, that I could almost have believed them statues: the wave of a feather in one of their bonnets had been a relief to my eye. I therefore turned my attention to a sickly boy and a woman apparently his mother, who certainly differed as much as possible from the young ladies before mentioned, by a perpetual restlessness; she certainly appeared, and very probably was, "sitting on thorns." She was evidently an uneducated, unmannered woman, who possessed neither the power of softening or concealing the characteristic habits of her mind. I could not but smile at observing with what intent and serious earnestness she endeavored to discover the materials of the sofa on which she was seated; after many pinches and pressures of the hand to discover the degree of softness, it seemed suddenly to strike her that it would also be desirable to discover the pattern of the chintz which covered it.—She immediately began investigating the ends, but apparently without obtaining her object. With a praiseworthy diligence, however, she at last discovered a crack in the brown holland cover, and she was feasting her eyes, when the sound of a coach driving up to the door, caught her attention; she immediately hastened to the window where the two young ladies were seated, evidently thinking the chance of smothering them very little to be put in competition with the gratification of her curiosity. How much, thought I, is the diversity of character lost in the general discipline of good breeding! every other individual here, like this silly woman, has perhaps some ruling habit which education prevents his betraying, and thus it becomes so difficult to ascertain character among the more polished classes of society; no wonder that the inexperienced take the factitious for the real diamond, and, pleased with external, give it credit for inherent lustre.

I was interrupted in the midst of these reflections by the entrance of a lady, in shape certainly resembling "the human form divine," but in size more nearly approaching the *hippopotamus*: like a seventy-four in full sail, she came up the room, and threw herself on a Grecian sofa by the side of the fire, while a young person, who seemed an humble friend, took a chair near her. From the proximity of my

situation, and the general affability of her appearance, I was encouraged to enter into conversation with her. Very naturally fancying that I should be sceptical on the subject, she took great pains to convince me of the extreme delicacy of her constitution, and the eternal terror in which she kept poor Mr. Quasheby, her husband, whom I instantly conceived as thin as the lay brother in the *Duenna*, for I never saw a lady of superabundant bulk that had not *a spare rib*. Having employed no small share of time and exaggerated expression on this topic, she next adverted to the happiness of living in the country, pausing, however, to desire her attendant to place the pillow of the sopha at a back broad enough to sustain a falling house, observing she had "such a weakness in the *small* of it."—where that might be situated, I did not pretend to determine. "The difference of her complexion and appearance when at the sea-side," she said, "was really astonishing!" At this moment the servant brought her a note, which having read, she rose, wished me good morning, and leaning on the arm of the young person she brought with her, languished out of the room. I saw a few looks exchanged among my associates denoting the suspicion of a preference, but the indefatigable *chintz-discoverer*, having again crammed herself into the window, declared "that that there fat lady" had entered the carriage and driven away. I stirred the fire and asking the ladies if none of them wished to approach it, received a silent but polite negative; I threw myself back in my seat, and followed the train of thought which my fat friend's observations on the country had excited. People resident in great cities certainly seldom boast the general health and good appearance which distinguish the inhabitants of the country, and in proportion to the increase of their complaints, and the decrease of their complexions, are the vehemence of their indignant invectives and repinings against the smoke and closeness of the city. But since these, like all other lamentations, have very little efficacy in reme-dying the evil complained of, it is strange that they do not try some more effectual expedient, for there are few evils, which, if they refuse to yield to absolute remedies, do not admit of alleviation. Fate has, to my own satisfaction, fixed my abode in this grand emporium of genius, science, and commerce, and though occasionally inhaling no inconsiderable

portion of its indigenous smoke, and with a constitution not the strongest in the world, I contrive to live unindebted to my friend the doctor, for any thing, but the pleasure of his conversation, and the advantage of his friendship, for which I am more grateful, than if I swallowed half the contents of his laboratory every year *gratis*.

*My* specifics against illness and ennui are, exercise of mind and body; and where can either be obtained so easily as in London and its environs? It is true the "daisy-dappled field," and clear sky, happily unsullied by the smoke of steam-engines and manufactories, are somewhat beyond the compass of legs of a moderate capacity, but the fares of the several stages are now so much reduced as almost to obviate that objection. Not that I ever trouble those machines much myself, having one time had a much larger draught on my patience in waiting for fellow travellers than I was inclined to honor, and another time being nearly pulled to pieces by contending coachmen, so that I fully anticipated going to Brentford, not by *inches* but by *quarters*, and with a very great probability of my *arms* getting there before my *legs*. Since that time I have had a nervous antipathy to a stage-coachman, and take particular pains to avoid Gracechurch-street, where there is as elegant a collection as any in the metropolis.

The country is very well for an occasional visit: but I am much inclined to be of opinion with the elegant author of some late Essays on "Hypochondriasis and other nervous affections," - "That the lamp of life burns to waste in the sepulchre of solitude," and such the country becomes to one who has not been bred in it. The cultivated and intellectual being can certainly find food for the mind in every object in nature, but man in all the vast variety of the species is his favorite study, and one that he can only pursue in the various and multitudinous circle of the busy world.

By this time many of the patients had left the room, and I began to anticipate the period of my friend's emancipation, when another coach drove up to the door, and the worthy little woman I have before mentioned, flattened her nose against the (now unoccupied) window, at the risk of introducing it to the open air; (for it was one of that prominent kind, which commonly gains their possessors the appelle-

lation of hatched faced.) "Hem," cried she, "a hackney coach," and with her nose hardly yet restored to its original position, she re-seated herself. In a few minutes the door opened, and a young man entered, who appeared so weak, that I could not avoid rising and offering him my arm, to assist him to a seat near the fire.

(To be continued.)

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#### A MIRACLE.

"Two men digging a grave in a church-yard at Macon, upon the river Seine, found a skull, which they threw upon the grass by them, with the common unconcern of grave-diggers; but soon after perceiving it to stir, they ran to the curate of the parish, and told him what they had seen. The superstitious curate immediately supposed it was the skull of some saint, that had been buried in that place, and therefore posted thither, where to his great surprise and joy, he found the skull still moving, upon which he cried out—A miracle! a miracle! and resolved to have the precious relic deposited in his church, with all proper ceremonies; for which purpose he sent in all haste for a consecrated dish, a cross, and holy water, his surplice, stole, and cap, ordered all the bells to be rung, and sent to give notice of the joyful news to the parishioners, who thronged in crowds to the place. Then he had the skull placed in the consecrated dish, and being covered with a napkin, it was carried to the church in procession; during which great debates arose among the parishioners, every one insisting that some of their family had been buried in that place, in order that they might assume to themselves the honor of having a saint in their family. Upon their arrival at the church, the skull was placed on the high altar, and *Te Deum* was begun; but when they came to the verse *Te per Orbem Terrarum*, a mole unluckily crawling out of the skull discovered the secret cause of its motion; upon which a stop was put to the ceremony, and the congregation being greatly disappointed, dispersed.

## REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

JULIAN, a TRAGEDY, in Five Acts. By Mary Russell Mitford. London, 1823. 8vo. pp. 84.

A TRAGEDY which has succeeded on the stage is hardly a fair object of literary censure; the public approbation having in some measure anticipated the office of the critic; who if disposed to animadvert on the defects of a successful drama, would labor under the disadvantage of being opposed to the general taste of the frequenters of the theatre; a situation in which we do not at present feel disposed to place ourselves. It is the less necessary to enter into any detail of the plot and incidents of this piece, as an account of the story on which it is founded has already been laid before the readers of our miscellany\*. In an introductory advertisement, Miss Mitford informs us, that "the story and characters of this tragedy are altogether fictitious. Annabel's cautions to silence in the first scene, and the short dialogue between her and Julian, after he awakens, will be recognized by the classical reader as the fine opening of the Orestes of Euripides; the incident of uncovering the body in the last act, is also taken from the Electra of Sophocles. Of any other intentional imitation, the author is unconscious."

Unlike several dramatic pieces which have lately been published, this tragedy was composed expressly with a view to theatrical exhibition. It is, therefore, as might have been expected, far better adapted for the stage than for the closet. Several of the scenes afford striking situations; and the attention is excited by the variety and rapid succession of the incidents; which during the performance must have contributed much to interest the audience and gain their favor.

In the ensuing passage, in the opening scene of the drama, Julian, recovering from his frenzy, relates to his wife the appalling transactions in which he had been involved, and which had overpowered his reason.—

\* See the Ladies' Monthly Museum, for March, p. 228.

*"Jul.* Annabel, in my eyes that scene will dwell  
For ever, shutting out all lovely sights,  
Even thee, my beautiful! That torturing thought  
Will burn a living fire within my breast  
Perpetually; words can nothing add,  
And nothing take away. Fear not my frenzy;  
I am calm now. Thou know'st how buoyantly  
I darted from thee, straight o'er vale and hill,  
Counting the miles by minutes. At the pass  
Between the Albano mountains, I first breathed  
A moment my hot steed, expecting still  
To see the royal escort. Afar off  
As I stood, shading with my hand my eyes,  
I thought I saw them; when at once I heard  
From the deep glen, east of the pass, loud cries  
Of mortal terror. Even in agony  
I knew the voice, and darting through the trees  
I saw Alfonso, prostrate on the ground,  
Clinging around the knees of one, who held  
A dagger over him in act to strike,  
Yet with averted head, as if he feared  
To see his innocent victim. His own face  
Was hidden; till at one spring I plunged my sword  
Into his side; then our eyes met, and he ——  
*That was the mortal blow!*—screamed and stretched out  
His hands. Falling and dying as he was,  
He half rose up, hung speechless in the air  
And looked—Oh what had been the bitterest curse  
To such a look! It smote me like a sword!  
Here, here. He died."

In the last scene, in which Julian is about to kill his wife, in order to preserve her honor inviolate, the following burst of poetical description occurs.—

*"Ann.*  
So sadly on me.

### **Why dost thou gaze**

*Jul.*                    The bright stars, how oft  
They fall, or seem to fall! The sun—look! look!  
He sinks, he sets in glory. Blessed orb,  
Like thee—Dost thou remember once  
We sate by the sea-shore when all the Heaven  
And all the ocean seemed one glow of fire  
Red, purple, saffron, melted into one

Intense and ardent flame, the doubtful line  
Where sea and sky should meet was lost in that  
Continuous brightness ; there we sate and talked  
Of the mysterious union that blessed orb  
Wrought between earth and heaven, of life and death—  
High mysteries !—and thou didst wish thyself  
A spirit sailing in that flood of light  
Straight to the eternal gates, didst pray to pass  
Away in such a glory. Annabel !  
Look out upon the burning sky, the sea  
One lucid ruby—’tis the very hour !  
Thou’lt be a seraph at the fount of light  
Before——

*Ann.* What, must I die ? And wilt thou kill me ?  
Canst thou ? Thou cam’st to save——

*Jul.* To save thy honor !  
I shall die with thee."

That this tragedy derived much advantage from the skill and talents displayed by those ladies and gentlemen who performed the principal characters, cannot be doubted. To Mr. Macready, who personated Julian, the authoress has dedicated her drama.

THE MAID'S REVENGE; and a SUMMER'S EVENING TALE;  
with other Poems. By Cheviot Ticheburn. 1823. 8vo.  
pp. 62.

BAD poetry is perhaps not so common an article as it was at some former periods. Those who write, or at least those who publish verses, seem to have the wholesome dread of criticism before their eyes; and they therefore proceed with some caution on their Parnassian excursions. This is one of the advantages for which the public is indebted to the labors of reviewers; whose office may be occasionally liable to abuse, but whose general influence must be beneficial. Yet, notwithstanding all our efforts, and those of our coadjutors, much poetry is still brought forth, which though not positively, is at least negatively, bad; or, to speak plain, rather dull. Hence it is, that we cannot open the production of a new candidate for fame without encountering some unpleasant sensations. Such arose in our minds on sitting down to peruse the publication of the gentleman who chuses to call himself *Cheviot Ticheburn*. We have however been

agreeably disappointed. The preface alone is dull and unsatisfactory. It consists of an awkward apology for using the *nom de guerre*, which, (in imitation of Barry Cornwall and other bards,) he has thought proper to assume; and of a still more awkward and unnecessary depreciation of critical censure.

The poems thus introduced are however highly creditable to the talents of the young author, as will appear from these stanzas taken from the beginning of the "Summer Evening's Tale;" which may be considered as a fair average specimen,—

### I.

"DIM viewless spirit of evening, soft descending  
In shadowy beauty o'er the darkning earth;  
O'er mountain, valley, moor, or flowery dale,  
Casting thy misty veil!  
Rocks, woods, and plains, in one dark outline blending,  
And wilder forms to every object lending,  
(Forms that from wanton fancy take their birth):  
When the lamp of day sinks in the western main,  
Beautiful thing! thou holdest thy gentle reign,  
Pensive and sad,  
In sweet and melancholy glory clad—  
Low whispering winds thy music, and the trees,  
Quivering in each passing breeze,  
Pay homage to thee, bending their tops from high,  
In honor to thy soft regality,  
Over the heaven and earth extending far,  
Thy throne the clouds—thy diadem thy star.

### II.

'Tis in an hour like this, when parting day  
Sweeps the mad follies of the world away;  
When all is peace, and the glad heart may soar,  
No longer fettered to this earthly shore,  
We love to stray—  
Holding communion with those airy things,  
Those slight and unborn visionings,  
That in our lonely mood  
Throng on our solitude—  
When memory brings the thought of happier hours,  
That we knew long since, ere we learnt to mourn,  
While life was young, and all we knew was flowers,  
Ah! innocent days of bliss, why will ye ne'er return?

## III.

Not a sound is heard,  
Save the rich melody of the evening bird,  
That sings to woo the winds that steal  
So soft that scarce the leaves can feel  
Their gentle influence ;  
Sweet flow'rets gushing from the ground  
Breathed from their honey bells their fragrance round,  
And opened their young petals to the moon,  
Rejoicing in the beams of her mild noon,  
That spread transparent lustre o'er the scene,  
Dancing upon the waters, or on the green  
Bright living sod, forming a verdant bank  
For the small murmuring stream that wantoned there  
In wild meanderings ; while the perfumed air  
Stole freshness from its waters, and the sky,  
Stretching its vast and boundless concave high,  
Was gemmed with sylphlike clouds, that flew  
O'er its intense and empyreal blue ;  
And from afar strains of dim music sound,  
Unlike the grosser melody of earth,  
But from those purer regions having birth,  
Which the dim confines of this dark sphere bound."

Mr. Cheviot Ticheburn appears to be well acquainted with the volumes of former votaries of the Muse; and has manifestly derived advantage from studying them. We must, however, express a hope, that he will also study the volume of nature; which will afford him a species of knowledge the most indispensable of any. The following lines betray at least the imperfection of the author's acquaintance with rural scenery, since the image they convey wants that general conformity to truth and accuracy, without which descriptive poetry is little better than nonsense.—

" ———lingering by some rivulet's brink,  
Where violets bend their heads to drink  
From the waters rippling with the tremulous motion  
Over their pebbly bed."

The violet is not an aquatic plant; but is generally found growing on dry shady banks, and in hedge-rows.

The sixth stanza of the last poem appears to have suffered from some unlucky accident. In its present state it affords neither rhyme nor reason. Whether the words of

which it consists have undergone dislocation from the careless hand of a transcriber or compositor, we cannot determine. We should be unwilling to attribute their disarrangement to the author.

At the end of this small volume are two stanzas of encomiastic poetry, by a friend of the young bard; probably Mr. Charles Lamb, to whom those Poems are dedicated.

**RASSELÀ, PRINCIPE D'ABYSSINIA:** tradotto dall' Inglese del Signor Dottor Johnson. Londra. 1823. 12mo. pp. 220.

DR. JOHNSON's delightful Abyssinian tale was produced under very peculiar circumstances. The romantic incidents of which it is composed probably, like those of Mr. Coleridge's fragment, intitled Christabel, floated for several years in the imagination of the author before they were "embodied" in language. The first literary undertaking of the great Lexicographer was a translation from the French, of a Voyage to Abyssinia, by Father Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit. From the narrative of this traveller Johnson derived his information relative to Abyssinia and other countries, in which the adventures of Rasselas and his companions are supposed to occur. The Voyage of Lobo was published in 1735, and Rasselas was not written till sixteen years after. Sir John Hawkins asserts that Johnson wrote it in an incredibly short space of time; to procure, from the sale of the manuscript, a sum of money sufficient to pay the expences of a journey from London to Litchfield, when his mother lay on her death bed. But Mr. Boswell more accurately informs us that the doctor composed Rasselas after the decease of his mother; that with the profits he might defray the expence of her funeral, and pay her debts. Sir Joshua Reynolds was told by Johnson, that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press as it was written, and never read it over afterwards, till a year or two before he died. He sold the copyright for £100, and received £25 more on the publication of the second edition.

Rasselas is a truly classical production, which will continue to delight and inform mankind while the language exists in which it is written. But the fame of the author and the circulation of his work have been by no means confined

to the country which gave it birth. Dr. Johnson, writing to a friend in America, in 1773, says—"I received the copy of Rasselas.—The little book has been translated into *Italian*, *French*, *German*, and *Dutch*; it has now one honor more by an American edition." Hence it appears that this tale was translated into *Italian* during the life of the author. How far the present *Italian* translation of Rasselas differs from the former, we have not the means of determining.—The volume before us is neatly and distinctly printed. Those who may wish to improve their acquaintance with the *Italian* tongue, will probably derive advantage from comparing this version with the original.

**THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.** A Tale. London.  
1823. 12mo. pp. 306.

In a modest Preface, this Tale is stated to be the first literary attempt of a young and inexperienced female. Her object, she informs us, is to engage and entertain the youthful mind, without neglecting to enforce the precepts of religion and morality.—To combine pleasure and utility, to render virtue amiable and attractive, and vice harsh, disgusting, and repugnant, is confessedly an easy task; and if the writer of this tale has not succeeded to the full extent of our expectations, many others have more egregiously failed.

**THE STUDENT'S MANUAL;** or an Appendage to the English Dictionaries. Being an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of Words derived from the Greek. In two Parts. Second Edition, greatly augmented. London.  
24mo. pp. 100.

The design of this little work is extremely good; and if its execution is not quite unexceptionable, great allowance must be made for a first attempt. To our young readers, and to females in general, we would strongly recommend this manual, as an admirable companion when reading scientific treatises, or any other books in which terms of science occur. Much information will be found here, not only relating to the etymology of words, but also to many other subjects for which it would be necessary to turn over many ponderous volumes: a task which would prove certainly fatiguing, and often fruitless, even to those who might have ready access to a large library; to others it would be impossible.

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EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,  
FOR APRIL, 1823.

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Brighton has continued to be the residence of his Majesty, who has sustained another attack from his persevering enemy, the gout. He had completely recovered from his former seizure, and continued in perfect health till the 2nd instant, when a fit of gout came on. The disease affected the foot, and was sufficiently troublesome to induce his Majesty to postpone a council, which was to have been held on the 3rd. Fortunately, however, after passing a tranquil night, the king found himself well enough to attend the meeting of the council at the palace, on the ensuing day, at six o'clock in the afternoon. The persons present, were, his Majesty, the Commander in Chief, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Steward of the Household, the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, the Vice Chancellor, the Judge Advocate General, and Mr. Greville, as clerk.

The Earl of Liverpool, on the 14th of this month, laid before the House of Lords, papers relating to the negotiations at Verona, and other documents, connected with the business, which occupied the attention of the Plenipotentiaries of the great European powers, during the Congress held at that place. In a long speech, his lordship explained the course which his Majesty's Ministers had thought proper to pursue, and the nature of the policy which they had adopted. He stated, that it had been considered incumbent upon Great Britain to use all her influence to avert impending hostilities between France and Spain, and to maintain the amicable relations of the continental powers. Every effort for that purpose having been made, without success, it was considered to be the most prudent policy on our part to maintain, for the present, a strict neutrality between the belligerent parties. Earl Grey and Lord King made some severe remarks on the conduct of Ministers, reprobating the course they pursued. On the 17th, the debate was renewed, when some further animadversions on the conduct of Government in the late negotiations, were made by Lords Grey, King, and Holland. In reply to an

observation of Lord Grey, the Duke of Wellington stated that, at the Congress of Verona, he had protested strongly against the principle of French interference, in any shape, with the affairs of Spain.

Mr. Secretary Canning made, to the House of Commons, communications similar to those which had been made by Lord Liverpool to the House of Lords; and in a speech of considerable length, defended the measures which had been adopted by himself and his colleagues. Mr. Brougham, in reply, attacked the policy of his Majesty's Ministers, with regard to Spain; and reprobated their measures and mode of conduct. Mr. Canning declined entering into any justification; resting the vindication of the British Government on the documents which he had presented to the House; and which were ordered to be printed. On the 16th, Lord Althorpe made a motion in the House of Commons, for the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill. It was seconded by Lord Folkstone, and supported by Dr. Lushington, Lord John Russell, Sir Robt. Wilson, and others. Mr. Canning, Dr. Phillimore, and several gentlemen, spoke against the motion; which was negatived by a considerable majority.

On the 17th, a discussion took place in the lower House, on the Catholic Question, which led to no important result; but which had nearly occasioned a serious misunderstanding between Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham. The latter gentleman having made some very caustic observations on the conduct of the former, Mr. Canning rose and interrupted the torrent of the learned member's eloquence, by a short and flat contradiction of his assertions. The speaker interfered; and after Mr. Banks had moved that both the gentlemen should be taken into custody by the Serjeant at Arms, to prevent any hostile proceedings, they were persuaded to make mutual concessions; and thus the affair terminated.

Foreign Occurrences.—The French army has at length entered the territories of Spain. On the 7th inst., the troops passed over the bridge which had been thrown across the Bidassoa, at the Pass de Behobic. The Constitutionalists, with whom a skirmish had taken place the day before, retreated on their approach. Later accounts state, that the invaders have been hitherto successful. A telegraphic dispatch has reached Paris, in which it is said that the

advanced guards of the Duke de Angouleme's army, had entered Vittoria and Bilboa. In a letter of the 14th inst., from St. Jean Pied de Port, it is asserted, that since the French forces have crossed the frontiers, the Spaniards receive them with the greatest enthusiasm; and the clergy everywhere come in a body to meet them, as they arrive. The Spanish General Ballasteros, who was watching the motions of the French, is reported to have retired to Tudela. The invading army is proceeding in three parallel lines; and a delay of some days is anticipated when they reach the Ebro. The discipline of the troops is highly praised; and it is said, that their commanders pay for all the provisions and supplies which are required. St. Sebastian and Pampeluna are both closely besieged; and their speedy surrender is confidently expected.

Such is the French intelligence relative to the progress of the invasion of Spain. News received from the latter country, is more favourable to the cause of the Constitutionalists; but it is of an earlier date. Among other occurrences, it is mentioned that Col. Antonio Razan, at the head of 1000 Constitutional troops, defeated a body of 5000 insurgents, between Morviedro and Almanara in Valencia, on the 2nd inst. Letters have also arrived from Mercia and Corunna, which speak of the energy of the civil and military authorities, the good spirit of the provinces, the courage of the troops, and the firmness of all patriots, in very flattering terms.

**Domestic Intelligence.**—The sea which divides the Irish coasts from those of North Wales has proved the grave of greater numbers of individuals, than, perhaps, any other tract of water of equal extent. To the disastrous catalogue of shipwrecks, which have happened between Dublin and Liverpool, must be added, that of the Alert Packet. On the 26th of March, at ten in the morning, this vessel struck on the West Mouse rock, near the Skerries light-house, on the coast of Wales, and in half an hour after, sunk. The captain and all the crew, excepting the steward and a boy, were saved; but of the passengers, amounting to about 140 persons, only 10 or 12 escaped. Many of the bodies of those who were drowned, were soon cast ashore. Of the sufferers, the men appeared, from their apparel, to be of

the lower classes. The females and children were chiefly the wives and families of soldiers. This catastrophe happened about four miles from the shore.

A melancholy instance of suicide lately took place in the neighborhood of Soho Square, in consequence of alienation of mind, arising from a disappointed attachment. John Hill, a young man of 19, the son of a gun-smith, in Berwick-street, put an end to his life, by hanging himself in his father's shop, one evening. He was found about seven o'clock the next morning, by the servant maid, quite dead. From the evidence before the coroner's jury, it appeared, that this victim of unrestrained passion, had, for several months past, and especially of late, appeared to be in a melancholy and desponding state of mind. He had paid his addresses to a female of 16, whom he had been in the habit of visiting almost every evening; and some disagreement which had arisen between them, led to the commission of this rash action. It seems, however, that this was not the first attempt he had made upon his own life, as he had previously endeavored to poison himself with laudanum.

A short time since the Berkeley stag hounds cast off at Hillingdon-heath, near Uxbridge, where a very whimsical circumstance occurred.—The stag, after a chace of about half an hour, crossed the river and returned to the neighborhood of the spot whence he had started. Being closely pressed by the hounds, he leaped the wall of a gentleman's garden near Hillingdon, and the dining-room window being open, he sprang through it, much to the astonishment and alarm of two ladies, who were sitting there at work. One of them was so much terrified that she was seized with fits, and as she was in a state of pregnancy, great apprehensions were entertained as to the consequences of her fright. The stag quietly took his place beneath the side-board, from which position he was not dislodged without great difficulty.

An atrocious act of assassination and suicide was committed on the 7th instant in Montague-square. Sir Charles Bamfylde, who resided there, was passing along the south side of the square in the afternoon, when he was accosted by a man, whose wife had lived as a servant in Sir Charles's family. The man is said to have suspected an improper intimacy between the woman and her master. This had led to

some outrageous behaviour on his part, for which Sir Charles had entered a prosecution against him. It seems that this man, on meeting Sir C. B., asked him whether he meant to proceed with the prosecution, and being answered in the affirmative, he immediately drew forth a pistol and fired it at him; and with another then blew out his own brains. Sir Charles was assisted into his own house by his servants. Mr. Heaviside, and other eminent medical men, were summoned, whose report, at first, was rather favorable. However, the ball which had entered below the right shoulder near the spine, could not be extracted; and Sir Charles, after languishing till the 19th inst. died about eight o'clock in the evening. For several days previous to his decease, he lay in an insensible state, which continued to the last. He was seventy-one years of age.

The murderer, whose name was Joseph Moorland, expired almost immediately after he had committed the atrocious act. His body was taken to the Worcester-arms, where a coroner's inquest was held, the result of which was a verdict of *Felo de se*.

Great alarm has been excited in the neighborhood of Clapham, by the murder of an aged woman named Elizabeth Richards, who resided in a small cottage at the entrance of Clapham-common. No person lived with her, except an elderly female of the name of Bell. On the evening of the 8th of this month, while Mrs. Bell was from home, attending a Methodist-meeting, some person or persons gained admission into the house, and put an end to the life of its old and infirm inhabitant, by thrusting an apron into her mouth, and thus strangling her. The assassins were prevented from fully completing their design of robbing the house, by the arrival of a neighbor, who was accustomed to call on Mrs. Richards in the evening. On her appearance they made their escape. Many persons were soon summoned to the spot. A watch and a few other articles had been carried off; but a considerable sum in cash, which the deceased kept by her, was left untouched. A man, named Philip Staffel, said to be related to Mrs. Richards, was on the 10th inst. taken into custody, on suspicion of having been concerned in this affair. Circumstances, strongly indicative of his guilt, have transpired; but for the pre-

sent the magistrates have thought it prudent that the evidence which has been produced against him should not be made public. He is therefore now closely confined, and not suffered to have communication with any person whatever.

A number of cabriolets, or one-horse carriages, are just launched in the Metropolis for the accommodagation of the public. The fares of these vehicles are fixed at two-thirds of those allowed to be charged for hackney coaches. The drivers are selected from among gentlemen's servants; whose characters for integrity and civility have been unexceptionable.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE theatrical report of this month will necessarily prove rather dull. The Easter pantomime, though amusing enough as a spectacle, would appear very stupid in description. We can therefore only state that on Easter-Monday, after the performance of the Castle Spectre, a new pantomime was exhibited here, entitled "The Chinese Sorcerer." If we may believe the play-bills, it has every night since delighted the spectators by its unrivalled mechanism and magnificent scenery. The admirers of the drama, however, will be more gratified to learn, that Mr. Kean and Mr. Liston have returned to Drury-lane. We may add also, that Mr. Betty is engaged at this theatre for three years, to commence from the next season. His provincial engagements, which will occupy his time till the end of the year, prevent his appearing earlier.

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### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE Easter amusements of Covent-garden, as usual, have displayed the superior taste of Mr. Farley as the contriver of pantomimical exhibitions. The new spectacle at this house is called "The Vision of the Sun, or the Orphan of Peru."

The story on which it is founded is taken from the Peruvian Tales, and those who feel interested in becoming acquainted with it may be referred to the twenty-ninth tale in that amusing collection. The hero of the piece was personated by a lady, Mrs. Vining; the Heroine, by Miss Foote. On the 15th, *The Duenna* was performed here, in which Miss Paton appeared, for the first time, as Clara; her performance was deservedly applauded. Miss Hallande was the representative of Carlos, Mr. Fawcett of Isaac, and Mr. Blanchard of Don Jerome. The other characters were well cast, and altogether admirably sustained. On the following evening, Shakespeare's comedy, "Much Ado about Nothing," was exhibited. Miss Chester, for the first time, played Beatrice. Mr. C. Kemble was her Benedict; and she could not have had a better, as his personification of the character is unrivalled. From a weekly journal we learn, that report speaks favorably of a new tragedy, by a lady, now in rehearsal at Covent-garden. "Julian," Miss Mitford's tragedy, was performed for the eighth and last time on the 11th of this month.

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The MINOR THEATRES display all their former attractions. Mr. T. Dibdin's genius seems still to preside over the Surrey, if we may judge from the variety of amusements produced there.

DAVIS'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, under the spirited management of Mr. C. Dibdin, affords equestrian exhibitions, which are not to be seen any where else in the metropolis; to which are added pantomimes, melo-dramas, and rope-dancing.

SADLER'S WELLS is distinguished this season by an amusement, so far as we know, new to this country—The Russian Mountains, an imitation of the hills of snow, which the Russians, during their severe winters, form, with surfaces, making an inclined plane, down which they slide in sledges. By way of gratifying the "Children of larger growth" in London, the proprietors of Sadler's Wells advertise, that visitors may amuse themselves "with a rapid and safe career from the extremity of the stage to the back of the pit, every evening till farther notice."

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Fashionable Evening & Opera Dresses for May

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Publ. May 1, 1823 by Davis & Monday, Threadneedle Street.

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION  
FOR MAY, 1823.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white crape worn over a white satin slip; a long body composed of puckered lace, confined by narrow satin *rouleaux*, and terminating with a sash of the same material. The skirt is ornamented with festooned *rouleaux* to correspond; each loop being confined with a cluster of bright red flowers. The hair is dressed in full curls and bows, with similar flowers confining each bow or plait. Necklace and ear-pendants of pearl. Long white kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

OPERA DRESS.

AN opera cloak of figured *gros de Naples*, lined with bright yellow satin, and finished round the sides and bottom with a double vandyke trimming; a Mary Queen of Scot's collar, lined and trimmed to correspond, fastened at the throat with a brooch, or tied with a satin riband. Dress of blue silk, ornamented at the border with three rows of scolloped-worked muslin, surmounted by a satin *rouleau*. The hair is in curls and bows, with pink crape fancifully twisted in the braids, and finished with a small bunch of rose-buds.

For the description and drawing of these elegant dresses we are indebted to MISS PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

In addition to the above, we have been favored with the inspection of a great variety of new and tasteful dresses, invented by MRS. BLUNDELL, of the Crescent, New Bridge-street, from which we select the following:

WALKING-DRESS.

THE most elegant and fashionable pelisse is composed of *flammode pouche* lutestring, ornamented down the front with a novel trimming in the form of a diamond, the middle points fastened together with a small ring of cords: the

collar is made to fall over and open to the waist, which is filled up with a lace habit-shirt made of Urling's lace; the trimming of the collar to correspond with the front.—The top sleeve is a fullness confined with diamonds, corded the same as the front; a cuff also similar.—The body and skirt are cut in one, and fastened to the size of the waist in large plaits. A bonnet of French white *gros de Naples*, lined with gauze *lissé*, tastefully trimmed with Zelia gauze, and an elegant Marabout feather placed across the crown.

#### DINNER DRESS.

DRESS of amber-figured *gros de Naples*; at the bottom a *rouleau* with a corkscrew trimming of gauze loosely twisted round it. The body is low, and ornamented at the top with a chain trimming of satin, each chain finished with a small corded ring. Long sleeves cut in bias; the epaulettes and cuffs to correspond with the trimming of the body. With this is worn a most elegant head-dress composed of blond, intermixed with small amber roses; it is made open at the top, which admits of the plat or bows of hair.

#### MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of a jacconet muslin; the front breadth let in with a handsome work which gradually decreases in width to the waist;—the body full from the shoulder and let in with work, and a large collar to fall over; the sleeves cut in bias, with work inserted. A peasant's cap of net and lace, with French lilac flowers.

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#### GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE metropolis is now very full, and the genial warmth of Spring has, at length, began to shed its benign influence over the votaries of fashion. This is fully exemplified in the variety of shape and hue exhibited in the costume of our fair countrywomen. The following are among the novelties of the season:—

We have observed in Hyde-park, a great variety of beautiful Caledonian caps, which, though by no means so general as bonnets of *gros de Naples*, are still much more becoming. The bonnets are in the village shape, and certainly very hand-

some. They are considerably bent over the forehead, the shape being somewhat between that of the Pamela and the Mary Queen of Scots.

In the most fashionable evening parties, dresses of Cyprus crape have been, and are still, very general: these are furnished with French tucks of *gros de Naples*, and in some cases we have observed a border consisting of a full puckering of gauze. The body is in general the same as the border, with straps of satin placed lengthwise.

The dresses worn at home consist almost universally of poplin or *gros de Naples*; they are made rather high, and are set off by a lace frill, and a fine cornette, both of Kensington lace, and a gold convent cross. This attire, though simple, is extremely elegant and becoming.

The ball-dresses, which have been most admired, consist of white satin, worn under Cyprus and gossamer gauze: these are trimmed in various ways, the chief materials being lace, blond, flowers, and bright satin riband, disposed in a variety of windings, waves, and festoons. A new method of trimming petticoats has lately prevailed; it is in the tunic shape, and is extremely elegant; consisting of three rows of puckerings or puffings round the border, one row of which is carried from the waist down each side nearly in front of the skirt, until it meets that on the border. This arrangement gives to the petticoat the appearance of a pelisse, robe, or tunic flying open.

Head-dresses are in general low, the hair being arranged *à la Sevigné*: where turbans are worn, those in Grecian style are mostly preferred, though the Assyrian turban has certainly made its appearance in several fashionable parties. The Grecian turban is formed of gauze, of a rich pattern of figured silk, and is confined by bands of bugles, or colored beads, with one full feather hanging down on the left side. In carriage airings, both black and white veils are worn, either over an undress turban, a cornette, or a village bonnet. The cornette consists of fine lace, in which a considerable quantity of riband is intermixed; the latter being the chief ornament.

The favorite colors for bonnets, turbans, and ribands, are cerulean blue, spring green, and jonquil. The ribands known by the name of Egyptian plaid are also much sought after and admired.

## THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE ball dresses are now made very short; they are of Barège silk or white satin, trimmed with draperies crossing over each other, in festoons; at the point of each is a stalk of white double hyacinths, the foliage in gold. The bodies are confined behind by small straps of satin, and in front by a silk drapery, placed horizontally, and clasped in the middle; the sleeves are short and full, and lightly confined by two draperies of satin. A colored gauze round dress is also worn at balls, trimmed with puffings in bias, confined by satin: the hair is adorned with flowers, the same color as the dress. Another ball dress consists of a Polonese tunic and petticoat over Elodia blue, with a puckering of gauze of the same color: the sleeves are very short, and the fullness is confined by being tied across with satin riband. The head-dress is composed of a turban of blue gauze, with a beautiful white *esprit* on the right side.

Long shawls of Chinese crape, and Barège cachemire, or Scotch plaid, of a very large and beautiful pattern, are much in request at the theatre. The marabout feathers appear to issue from the centre of the crown of the hat, and fall over so as to cover it. Hats of rose-colored satin, shot with white, with fluted satin linings, are much worn at the different *spectacles*.

For home costume, the dresses are made high, and are trimmed at the border with the same material, with antique plaits in bias; the sleeves are long, and the *mancherons* ornamented in lozenges, while the body is trimmed in squares.

The hair is arranged in an Apollo's knot on the summit of the head; and is sometimes entwined with a newly invented straw trimming of different colours, which has a very brilliant effect. A turban of Pactolus gauze, is a very favorite evening head-dress. A white satin turban, is also much worn; it is profusely wreathed over with full blown damask roses and barberries, but has rather a heavy appearance.

The jewellery consists of rubies set round with pearls.—The favorite colors for turbans are amaranth, jonquil, and celestial blue. For ribands and dresses, mignonette-leaf, green, and pink.

THE  
**APOLLONIAN WREATH.**

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**THE JEMANDAR AND THE TIGER.**

A FACT THAT OCCURRED IN THE EAST INDIES.

---

CALCUTTA we left, its grand temples and trees,  
And were wafted along with a fine swelling breeze ;  
The gay streamers and sail  
Proudly swell'd to the gale ;  
To the Sunderband woods,  
Its vast rivers and floods,—  
On the stream of the Ganges we stood out for sea,  
And were cheer'd from its banks by the dark Bengalee.

The plummet had sounded each breaker and shoal,  
While Phœbus had rac'd to his uttermost goal ;  
The draughtsman had sketch'd  
The rude scenery stretch'd,  
Of copse, jingle, and dell,  
Where the savages dwell,  
The panther's swift bounding, the leopard's wild stare,  
The tigress crouch'd close to her young in the lair.

On the Sunderband rivers we'd made our survey\*,  
Till evening came on with her "mantle of grey,"  
There to lie along shore  
To a nullah we bore,  
An anch'rage to make,  
Till the morning should break ;  
While guarding the deck, by the light of the star,  
Slowly pac'd with his musket the lone Chokadar.

All nature was hush'd, save the breeze blowing strong,  
Or the roar of the waters that murmur'd along ;

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\* Some British officers, in the India Company's service, were ordered to survey the river in the Sunderbands.

In the forest's dark boughs,  
Where the elephants browse,  
No wild bird was singing,  
Or monkey was springing;

The parrot had ceas'd, on the green leafy spray,  
To chatter her jargon, in plumage so gay!

Each lay in his hammock reposing from care,  
Unconscious of danger that threaten'd him there;  
When we heard a loud sound,  
Like a plunge or a bound,—  
Through the waters it dash'd,  
Midst the darkness it flash'd!

'Twas thought that a fish, with a rush or a leap,  
Was in chase of its prey in the foam of the deep.

On deck rush'd the Moonshee\*, exclaiming with dread,  
"A tiger has sprung in the Jemandar's† bed!"

Through the tatty‡ he came,  
With his eyes all on flame!"  
With accents half broken,  
And tremor, 'twas spoken.

"Then away to the charge! or he soon will destroy,  
And bear to his jungle, the gallant sepoy!"

The lantern was lit, and each man seiz'd anon  
His musket and pike, while the boldest led on;  
Midst the terror and noise  
Rush'd the hardy sepoy,  
To encounter the foe,  
In the cabin below;  
But, alas! 'twas all over! for bath'd in his gore,  
The Jemandar lay, and he never breath'd more!

The Jemandar's stature was towering and strong,  
And fearless he'd hunted the deserts along,

\* The man who slept next to the Jemandar.

† The Jemandar commanded a detachment of sepoy, and was a very tall and powerful man.

‡ The tatty was left open to admit the night air, it being extremely warm, through this the tiger, which was a very large one, entered early in the morning, before it was light, and springing on the Jemandar, tore off half his throat and neck in endeavoring to carry him away; when being disturbed by a party of sepoy entering with fixed bayonets, he made his escape to the shore.

For each wild roaring beast,  
In the woods of the east ;  
But quick rous'd on the deep  
From the visions of sleep,  
The foe came upon him, more rapid in flight  
Than the robber that bounds on the traveller by night.

Had the poor Jemandar been prepar'd with his pike,  
Or his pistol or gun, at the monster to strike,  
Then the blood might have ran  
From both tiger and man ;  
But no warning had he,  
In his hammock at sea ;  
For like an assassin, no signal he gave ;  
Thus the coward is equally match'd with the brave.

He's left a fond wife, and two children to mourn,  
For a husband and father, who'll never return !  
And oft with a tear,  
To her little ones dear,  
She has talk'd of the grave  
In the Sunderband wave,  
Where was thrown the pale corse, all her comforts to mar,  
Of their father, the valiant, the brave Jemandar.

And oft on her neck have her little ones dear,  
Fondly prattled, and whisper'd their balm in her ear,  
That, as older they grow,  
To the woods they will go ;  
In defiance of fear,  
And well arm'd with the spear,  
To beat the bamboo or the jungle afar,  
For the tiger that strangled their poor Jemandar !

And where is far seen, with its branches so high,  
The palm-tree so stately, in sun-burning sky,  
Where the snake trails along,  
And rhinoceros strong  
Crushes down with a force,  
Mighty bows in his course,  
They will mount the strong elephant boldly in war,  
And revenge the hard fate of the poor Jemandar !

## RICHMOND\* PHEASANTRY.

YE who delight to walk mid rural scenes,  
To view romantic hills and flower'y greens,  
To promenade the variegated park,  
To catch the matins of the early lark,  
To walk the windings of the verdant vale,  
To hear the wood-notes of the nightingale,  
To climb the summit of a mossy hill,  
Sonorous with the rippling of a rill;  
To glance the eye o'er plains of fertile ground,  
Extending in perspective far around;  
Where beauteous prospects in attractions vie,  
Till all blend sweetly with the azure sky;  
Attend the poet as he musing strays  
Through Richmond-park, and listen to his lays.  
Of thousand beauties which the eyes descry,  
Within this rich inclosure, none outvie  
In sterling beauty, elegance, and taste,  
The pheasantry with which this park is graced.  
Within a circling wall, are kept with care,  
Some feathered tenants of the buoyant air;  
In glittering plumes those gaudy pheasants shine,  
Which take their brilliant titles from the mine  
Of Guinea, where for gold poor negroes toil,  
Or rich Peru, replete with silver soil;  
Coy antelopes which shun the stranger's gaze,  
Retreat with glance oblique to view his face;  
So nimble-footed to be sought in vain,  
By the most nimble of the agile train;  
And speckled partridge coveys on the green,  
Impart some beams of beauty to the scene.  
But leader of the ostentatious tribe,  
Whose plumes the richest solar rays imbibe,  
The strutting peacock, vainest of the vain,  
In conscious pride, displays his dazzling train.  
His tail expands arranged in proud array,  
Unfolding all his glories to the day;  
His argus train from each effulgent eye,  
Reflecting vivid radiance to the sky.  
Matilda, come—my carols deign to hear,  
And with approving smiles the poet cheer.

\* Richmond Park is commonly called Goodwood Park, but I have chosen the former title because it has a more poetical sound.

Know, that some minds feel happy to be drest,  
In plumes like those which clothe the pheasant's breast ;  
And some their fate with discontent bewail,  
Unless they wear a peacock's splendid tail.  
Yet may thy heart, Matilda, ne'er repine,  
But with supreme felicity resign  
Vain pageants evanescent as the air,  
To such deluded superficial fair.  
Enough for you that neat attire adorn,  
With artificial grace thy native form.  
But to increase the beauty of thy mind,  
May modesty with virtue be combined :  
May wisdom's beams thy opening mind imbue,  
And prudence point the path thou should'st pursue,  
Then peace shall bless thee with a smile serene,  
And twine thy temples with her evergreen.

R. K\*\*\*TT.

## THE WREATH OF FRIENDSHIP.

To ——.

STERN Fate forbids our hearts to join  
In fond affection's silken chain ;  
But, oh ! should I a Wreath entwine  
To offer up at *friendship's* shrine,  
Say, would my offering be in vain.

I'd hie me to the gay parterre,  
And cull for thee the loveliest flow'rs,  
Each blossom'd sweet, each flow'ret fair,  
That please the eye, or scent the air,  
I'd seek among the verdant bowers.

The lily, clad in rose of white,  
From ev'ry spot and blemish free,  
Should with the thornless rose unite,  
(Whose fragrance time alone can blight,)  
As emblems of sincerity.

The heart's-ease should my wreath entwine  
The myrtle should my wreath complete ;  
Then would I hasten to the shrine  
Of friendship endless and divine,  
And lay my garland at thy feet.

Then say, wilt thou the gift receive,  
And bid thy friend no longer grieve ?

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### LINES

ON BEHOLDING IN COLORS THE CENTRE FACE OF THE CELEBRATED GROUPE OF THE "PROPOSAL," BY HARLOW.

SEE that impassioned eye! what gentle lightning  
Darts from its ardent brightness; fierce desire,  
Yet innocent, streams from its fixed orb, beneath  
The circling arches of that beauteous brow.—  
Would that it beamed on me! for 'tis so eloquent,  
My Fancy paints some happy lover near,  
To draw those sparks of Passion from her soul,  
And prompt the rosy lips, that, swelling, ask  
A lover's sipping of their dewy sweets:  
And, when he's quaffed, he prints ten thousand kisses,  
Upon the downy cushion of her cheeks,  
Where Monarchs fain would pillow them, and awhile  
Dispart the jetty curls; whose ringlets court  
A neck of snow, and give a tenfold force  
To all the glowing magic of her face,  
But most to that sweet citadel of love and joy,  
Her tender front, her beauty's architrave:  
\* Such Erin's killing charms, with Albion's joined—

A. B.

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### THE SMILE.

#### SONNET.

THERE IS A FACE, as fabled Houris fair,  
An eye, whose dark orb shone with mental fire,  
A bosom formed love's madness to inspire,  
A smile, bewitching sweet, beyond compare,  
My soul can ne'er forget, though I despair  
E'er to behold them more! but memory dire,  
Till thought in cold oblivion shall expire,  
Of those lov'd charms the deep impress will bear.  
Vain dream of love! thy fond illusion flew.  
She smiled—and then th' enchanting smile withdrew.  
But still that smile, where'er my footsteps stray—  
In fancy haunts and captivates my sight—  
Gives splendor to the blaze of busy day,  
And, radiant, softens the still gloom of night.

G. H.

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\* This Portrait, it is conceived, combines the peculiar excellencies of female beauty in the two nations: at least, such an Irish or English countenance is rarely seen.

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TO MY DAUGHTER MARY ANN, ON HER BIRTH DAY, MARCH 30,  
1822, WHEN SHE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD.

CHILD of my love, my eldest born,  
I hail thy natal day!  
And wish thy life's advancing morn,  
Bright as the morn of May.

I see thee with unfeign'd delight,  
In alphabetic lore,  
Laboring still with all thy might,  
And adding to thy store.

And not a little proud art thou  
Of all this letter'd pelf;  
A paragon of learning now  
Thou deems't thy little self.

Hope of my age, enchanting child,  
Still emulation share;  
Ne'er be the slave of passion wild,  
But grow as good as fair.

Still prove affectionate and kind,  
And be thy parents' joy;  
Who in thy love a balm may find  
For much of life's alloy.

J. M. LACEY.

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### ENIGMA,

SOMETIMES in Brussels I am deck'd, sometimes am set in stone;  
I help'd poor Louis to his fate, and Caesar to his throne.  
I'm up and down, I'm in and out, and sometimes round and round,  
Both at St. Peter's and St. Paul's, I may alike be found.  
Though oft by my assistance rais'd to an exalted state,  
I'm trampled on by every class, the rich, the poor, the great.  
Those who pursue my paths in haste too often lose their breath,  
And though the virtuous seek my aid, I often lead to death.  
Now, wiseacres, my name divine, a thing in common use,  
And if you're puzzled, I protest, you must be quite

A GOOSE.

### Marriages.

At the Friends' Meeting-house, Winchmore-hill. John Sims, M. D. of Cavendish-square, to Lydia, third daughter of Wm. Dillwyn, of Higham-lodge, Walthamstow.

By special license, Wm. Bingham Baring, esq. eldest son of Alexander Baring, esq. M. P. to Lady Harriet Mary Montague, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Sandwich.

At St. Leonard's Lodge, Horsham, Francis Fletcher Vane, esq. eldest son of Sir Frederick Vane, Bart. of Cumberland, to Diana, third daughter of Charles Beauclerk, esq.

### Deaths.

At Portland-place, the Rev. Dr. Price, Prebendary of Durham, and Canon Residentiary of Durham.

At Chelsea, W. H. Moseley, M. D. son of the late Dr. Moseley, Physician to Chelsea-hospital.

In France, Mrs. King, daughter of the late Baron de Kutzilben, Hessian Minister to his Britannic Majesty.

### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Hermit and the Count, by C. B. M. has some merit; but, before it can find a place in the pages of the Ladies' Museum, it will require revision and correction, more than our present engagements permit.—We wish our poetical contributors to bear in recollection, that poetry admits of no mediocrity—it is either good—or—bad—"Poeta nascitur, non fit," says Horace; hence we take leave to suggest to some of our rhyming correspondents the utter folly of indulging the "*Cacoethes Scribendi*," where the "*laurea corona*" can be no longer even the subject of hope.—In the present age, and in the present (query,) improved state of female education, we quote, without apology, our Latin as freely as our French; both being equally intelligible, no doubt, to our educated readers,

To our correspondents generally, we would suggest the propriety of a careful revision of their respective favours before they are forwarded—age has, in some degree, dimmed our sight, we therefore desire to be spared that close examination of their papers, which they too often require.—We do not expect an absolute and undeviating attention to the advice of Horace, "*nonam que prematur in annum*," but we think many of our friends would do well to attend to its spirit, and in so doing, they would lay the Editor and the Printer under infinite obligation.

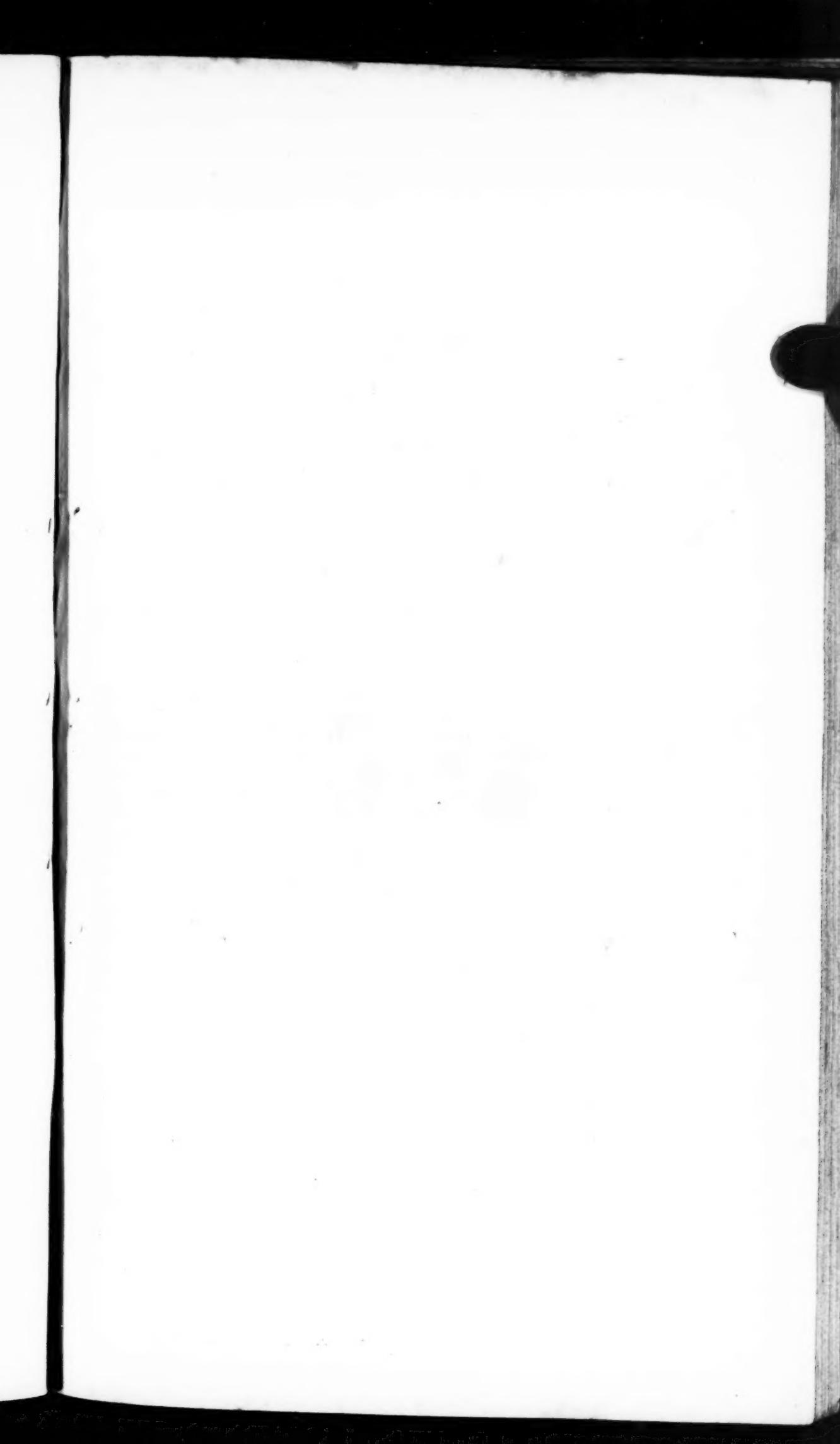
The papers to which Verax refers, are yet under consideration—they will probably appear soon.

Cheroean Tradition—Isabella—The Irish Wedding—Mervin—and some poetry by Jane Turner, are received; but, being unread, we give no judgment on their merits till next month.

Madame Money's communication, and that of Thalia, for obvious reasons, inadmissible.

Mr. Lacey's "Hasty Thoughts"—J. M. A.—Inconstancy, a Tale, by R.—The verses to Amelia K.—, by C. and the lines addressed to Miss M. R. have all been received too late for more particular acknowledgment.

"Croyland Abbey" in our next.





*Painted by Wageman.*

*Engraved by Woolnoth.*

*Mrs Baker.*

*Sat June 2. 1823. by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street.*